R. R.
WAY'S
RELIEF,
AND BEST MEDICINE
USE IN THE WORLD,
minutes, never fails to relieve
ough application. No matter
ating the pain, the Rheumatic,
ripped, Nervous, Neuralgic,
emic may suffer, RADWAY'S
ill afford instant ease.
E REMEDY.
UTES, not HOURS, to relieve
tease.
f the Kidneys, Inflam-
Bladder, Inflammation
Congestion of the Lungs
ficult Breathing, Pal-
Heart, Hysterics, Croup
arrh, Influenza, Head-
he, Neuralgia, Rheuma-
tis, Ague Chills, Chil-
lities, Bruises, Nervous-
ness, Coughs, Colds,
in the Chest, Back or
stantly relieved.
ALARIA
ARIOUS FORMS.
AND AGUE,
UE cured for 50 cents. There
nt in this world that will cure
d all other Malarious, Bilious,
llow, and other Fever (aided by
LS,) so quickly as
Ready Relief.
ments, when taken according to
ections, Spasms, Sour Stomach,
ckache, Diarrhœa, Dysentery,
owels, and all Internal Pains.
always carry a bottle of Rad-
with him. A few drops in
ckness or pains from change of
ter. Better than French Brandy or Bitters as
Ssermen should always be pro-
UTION.
ots capable of destroying life by
be avoided. Morphine, opium,
yanic acid, and other powerful
ain time, in very small doses,
during their action in the system.
mall dose, if repeated, may ag-
e the suffering, and another dose
s no necessity for using those
on a positive remedy like Rad-
will stop the most excruciating
ot containing the least difficulty in
RUE RELIEF.
RELIEF is the only remedial
will instantly stop pain.
Cents per Bottle.
IS WEALTH.
dy is Wealth of Mind.
DWAY'S
PARILLIAN
OLVENT
E GREAT
PURIFIER!
a sound flesh, strong bone and a
would have your flesh firm, your
without caries, and your complex-
arsaparillian Resolvent.
FUL RECOGNITION.
onic or long standing disease is
the healing art; that resis ing
ative power and supplies a
res step by step by degrees—the
is slowly attacked and weakened
ease, not only commands relief,
our gratitude. Dr Radway has
with that wonderful remedy, Rad-
Resolvent, which accomplishes
ering humanity, who drag out an
and disease, through long days and
him their gratitude." Medical
SE AND TRUE.
Dr. Radway's "Treatise on Dis-
" as follows:
DISEASES CURED BY
DWAY'S
RILLIAN RESOLVENT.
Diseases, Pimples, Blotches, Erup-
, Boils, Old Sores, Caries of the
the Most Scrofulous Diseases,
ral Habit of Body, Syphilis and
Sores, Chronic or Old Ulcers, Salt
, White Swellings, Tumors, Ulcers,
s, Cankers, Glandular Swellings,
and Decay of the Body, Tumors,
ney and Kidney Diseases, Dropsy,
l Gout, Consumption, Gravel and
ase, and various other complaints
ses are given specious names,
there is no known remedy that pos-
the power over disease that this
ent furnishes. It cures step by
the foundation, and restores the
their original purity. The WASTES
RE STOPPED, and healthy blood is
ystem, from which new material is
the first corrective power of Rad-
the system has been salivated, and
ilver, corrosive Sublimate have se-
come deposited in the bones, joints,
ues of the system, Ricketty Limbs,
ne, white swellings, varicose veins,
ulcers will receive away those de-
minate the virus or the disease from
are taking three medicines for the
Scrofulous or Syphilitic diseases,
ay be the cure, "feel better," and
health returning, their flesh and
g, or even keeping its own, it is a
ere is prog ressing. In these cases,
either gets better or worse—the
se is not inactive; if no arrested
blood is not spreading the infection
e constitution. As soon as the
makes the patient "feel better"
will grow better, and increase in
and flesh.
RIAN TUMORS.
the tumors by Radway's Resolvent
by restoring that vital power
miraculous is now a common rec-
all parties. Witness the cases of
Mrs. Bradley, Mrs. Mary Hall,
Hendrix, published in our Almanac
at of Mrs. C. S. Hibbins, in the
Street, Easton, Md.
Pains more of the active principles of
any other preparation. Taken in
, while others require five or six
Dollar Per Bottle.
DWAY'S
ATING PILLS.
ratives, Soothing Aperients,
Put, Always Reliable
ral in their operations.
e Substitute for Calomel.
less, elegantly coated with sweet
late, purify, cleanse and strengthen.
PILLS, for the cure of all disorders
Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder.
s, Headache, Constipation, Costive-
s, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fevers
ger, Loss of Appetite, Fever, In-
he Bowels, Piles, and all derange-
ternal Viscera. Warranted to effect
Purely Vegetable, containing no
l or deleterious drugs.
them following symptoms resulting
the digestive organs.
ward Piles, Fullness of the Blood
dity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heart-
f Food, Fullness or weight in the
structions, Sinking or Fluttering at
ng or Suffering Sensation when in
umness of Vision, Dots or Webs be-
ever and Dull Pain in the Head, De-
ration, Yellowness of the Skin and
he Side, Chest, Limbs, and Sudden
Burning in the Flesh.
RADWAY'S PILLS will free the
the above named disorders.
e, 25 cents per Box.
—FROM THE—
THURLOW WEED.
r. Radway's R. R. R. Reme-
dies
E THEM FOR SEVERAL YEARS
New York, Jan. 4, 1877.
Having for several years used your
fully at first, but after experiencing
th full confidence, it is no less a
duty to thankfully acknowledge the
here derived from them. The pills
as often as occasion requires, and
e desired effect. The Ready Relief
ver escaped me that it by its name,
diment frequently and freely, almost
ng the promised "relief."
Truly Yours,
THURLOW WEED.
at the reader must consult our books
the subject of diseases and their cure,
and True,'
on Irritable Urethra."
ay on Syphilis."
ting to different classes of diseases.
D BY DRUGGISTS.
FALSE AND TRUE."
r stamp to RADWAY & CO.
reet, Corner Church Street,
ion worth thousands will be sent you.
THE PUBLIC.
no better guarantee of the value of
old established R. R. R. REMEDIES
and worthless imitations of them, so
r Resolvents, Reliefs and Pills, be
Radway's, and see that the name
is on what you buy. dec1

Horticultural Society

MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN

DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, HORTICULTURE, THE FARM AND THE GARDEN.

AND NEW ENGLAND JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

LITERATURE, USEFUL ARTS, NEWS, &c. FIRESIDE, RURAL LIFE

VOLUME XLII.:::NO. 10. BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1882. WHOLE NUMBER 2134.

MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN AND NEW ENGLAND JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

Official Organ of the N. E. Agricultural Society

ISSUED WEEKLY AT "PLOUGHMAN BUILDING."

No. 45 Milk Street, (cor. Devonshire St.)

(Opposite the New Post Office.)

BOSTON.

GEO. NOYES Ploughman Company, PROPRIETORS

TERMS—$2.50 per annum in advance. $3.00 if not paid in advance. Single copies SIX CENTS.

☞ No paper discontinued except at the option of subscribers, until all arrearages are paid.

☞ The PLOUGHMAN offers great advantages to advertisers. Its circulation is large and among the most active and intelligent portion of the community.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.—One square of eight lines, one insertion, $1.00; each subsequent insertion, 50 cents.

☞ Postage on the PLOUGHMAN is 15 cents a year within the United States.

Editorial.

HOURS OF LABOR ON THE FARM.

Fifty years ago the mechanic commenced work at sunrise, and with an intermission of one hour at noon, worked until sunset; during the spring and summer months, and during the autumn and winter months, he worked until nine o'clock in the evening, having an intermission at six o'clock, long enough for supper. At that time the farmers worked less hours in the winter than the mechanic, and not many more in the summer; for the year his hours of labor were less than the mechanic.

If we come down to the present time, we shall find that while the mechanic has greatly less-ned the hours of labor the farmer has made but little progress in this direction. If the mechanic has been able to reduce the hours of labor one-third, and at the same time get twice or three times as much wages a day, is there any reason that the farmer should not do the same thing? Certain it is that the farmer does not depend on the product of the mechanic's labor so much as the mechanic depends on the product of the farmer's labor; therefore he has no particular advantage over the farmer, by which he may be able to dictate the number of hours he shall labor, or what he shall charge for the product of his farm; on the contrary the farmer has greatly the advantage of all other professions, because they are all entirely dependent on him for the food they eat, and the raw material of which their clothing is made. Should the farmer stop these supplies for a single week, he could bring all classes to his feet, and dictate his own terms; having this advantage, there can be no possible reason why he cannot keep pace with all other professions, as to the number of hours he shall labor, or the price of his labor.

To the farmer it is very unpleasant to contemplate the fact, that while he continues to toil from daylight until dark, through summer's heat and winter's cold, the mechanic works but eight or at most ten hours, and the city merchant rarely works more than from four to eight hours a day, and he does not feel very much better, when he calls to mind the fact that all classes except the farmers are working less hours and getting more pay. Even the clergy in former days were required to be on duty fifty-two Sundays in the year, and three sermons each Sunday, but now, many of them give but one service a week, and become so exhausted that they yearly ask for one or two months vacation, and perhaps to have their expenses paid to some foreign country. Surely the farmer cannot contemplate these changes without a feeling that he too, should share in the lighter labors and larger pay. The thinking farmer cannot conceive why the professional men, the merchants, and the mechanics, should have one or two months vacation every year, and he have none. But whose fault is it? cannot the farmer leave his business as well as those who follow other professions? He may not be able to leave in August, the fashionable season, quite as well as some, but there are portions of the year when his business can be left with hired help, quite as well, if not better than either the merchant or mechanic. The farmer should take a decided stand and resolve to keep pace with other professions; if he works more hours for less pay than others it is his own fault, he has no one to blame but himself. If the farmers throughout the country would unite as the mechanics do, and resolve to work but ten hours a day, at a price as high as the mechanics obtain, the work would be done; there are none who have the power to dictate to them; they are complete masters of the situation, and can demand for the product of ten hours labor as much as they now get for fifteen. Undoubtedly the reason why the farmer has not demanded, and secured what is so evidently his rights, is because of the want of united action. When the farmers of the country work together as the mechanics do, there will be more equality in regard to hours of labor and the price per hour than there now is.

If the farmer could complete his labors by working ten hours a day, he would have more time for reading, investigation and thought, and thus he would be better prepared to direct his labor in a manner to secure the largest return possible. He who works from daylight until dark, has but little time and no disposition to read much, and therefore is very likely to fall behind the times, and to direct his labor in a manner that fails to secure the best results.

There are but few, if any occupations that more surely pay for the time spent in thoughtful reading and investigation than farming; therefore he who spends so many hours at work on the farm, that there is no time left for study, is wearing out his physical energies to a great disadvantage.

Some farmers have learned that less work and more thought secures larger returns at the end of the year. An intelligent farmer with his eyes open, cannot visit other intelligent farmers without learning something to his advantage so great that it will more than pay for the time and expense of the visit. Farmers should be quite as independent as those who follow other occupations, and should not feel that they are obliged to work so many hours that there is no time for social enjoyment or intellectual improvement.

If it is true, as it is asserted, that it has been found by actual tests that in many occupations the laborer can perform more work in a year by working ten hours a day, than he can to work sixteen, there can be but little doubt but it would be better for the farmer to work ten hours, and occupy three of the six hours in reading, investigation and thought, on subjects relating to the production of crops.

With the many improved machines which have been introduced on the farm during the last few years, there is no danger but the farmer can greatly reduce the hours of labor, and still obtain a larger product from his farm than he formerly did.

The reduction of the hours of labor will not only give the farmer more time for moral, social and intellectual improvement, but it will make his calling more respected, and will keep a larger proportion of the boys on the farm.

SNOW, ITS VALUE TO THE FARMER.

The farmer rarely ever welcomes the first snow with any feelings of pleasure, especially if it comes early in December, in quantities sufficient to convince him that it has come to stay; yet when it does come at this season and keeps the ground covered until the last of March, it may be considered one of the most important aids towards securing large crops next season.

Few who have never given the subject any attention are aware how many advantages result from winter covering of plants, or to what extent the fertilising materials are prevented from escaping, when the earth is covered with snow. Few materials that are available protect grass roots so well as a good covering of snow. When thus covered during the entire winter, it keeps green and is in a condition to grow as soon as the snow is melted. When the ground is covered during the cold weather with snow a foot in depth, the frost is kept out, and sudden changes of temperature are prevented, thus protecting the grass roots, and also the roots of rye, wheat, and other plants, the roots of which live over winter. Being protected from both the sudden changes and the winter winds, they come out in the spring in a much better condition than if exposed without covering all winter.

Strawberry vines go through the winter much better if kept covered with snow; in fact, if one could be sure that they would be kept thus covered during the entire season of freezing weather, mulching might be dispensed with, so far as relates to protection from the cold weather. If the earth is exposed during the entire winter to the sweeping winds and sudden changes of weather it not only injures the roots of grass and other small plants but it takes from the exposed portions of the farm large quantities of materials which is valuable for plant food. In fact a covering of snow during the entire winter is almost equal to a covering of hay or straw in the summer. It being a free gift, the farmer should welcome it as he would welcome any valuable aid to his prosperity, and although it may cause cold feet and hands, the advantages far outweigh the disadvantages. When the ground is covered during the entire winter the spring usually comes forward earlier, because there being no frost in the ground, as soon as the snow is melted the ground is in a condition to plough, or to encourage the growth of vegetation.

EGGS IN DECEMBER.

The fact that eggs usually command during the last six weeks of the year, from 40 to 50 cents a dozen is good evidence that, as a rule, hens do not lay at this season of the year. It being the moulting season with the old hens, but few eggs can be expected from them, and the pullets most of them are not old enough to lay; so with ordinary care few eggs are got when they are most needed.

Those who best understand the business manage to have their hens lay when eggs are the highest, and thus secure very large profits. This they accomplish by keeping hens but one year, and raise early chickens so as to get them to laying by the first of October. When this is done the chances are favorable to keep them laying most of the time until February. But to do this the hens must have good winter quarters, plenty of air, light and sunshine, and yet warm enough to keep them comfortable both day and night.

Fresh earth should be supplied in abundance, and the food should be in great variety. Grain alone is not sufficient, but they need meat and vegetables, including moistened fine hay or cabbage leaves. In the coldest weather the water should be warmed before being placed before the hens. Ground oyster shells should always be kept where the hens can get them, and wood ashes with charcoal should be in one corner of the house.

There is no animal kept on the farm that feels neglect so quick as a laying hen. Sometimes a neglect of a few days will stop a hen from laying several weeks. There is so great difference between the price of eggs in December and in March that it pays to make an effort to get eggs in the first part of winter.

It costs about the same to keep a hen a year that lays most of her eggs when they are the cheapest, as it does when they are the highest price; but there is a great difference in he worth of the eggs; six dozen of eggs at 40 cents per dozen would be $2,40 while six dozen at 15 cents would be but 90 cents, a difference of $1,50, which would make a good year's profit; yet the price of eggs is frequently more than 40 cents in December, and less than 15 cen s in March.

Those who are the most successful in the production of eggs for profit, make it one of their principal points to have their hens lay the most when eggs are the highest, thus securing a very large profit on what they feed out.

TREE PLANTING IN KANSAS.—The *Gardener's Monthly* says: The six hundred acres of forests planted by Messrs. Douglas & Son, near Fort Scott, have proved to be a complete success, and they are now planting five hundred acres more. They will have 1,360,000 trees planted before April 1, 1883.

☞ To insure success in the management of bees, always prepare and make all your hives during the winter months ready for the coming season.

CUTTING AND SEASONING WOOD.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

There have been published in the *Massachusetts Ploughman* lately two articles on the time of cutting wood for the farm fireside. With no purpose of reviewing or criticising or indorsing either, I wish to add a brief contribution on the same subject. Just now of special interest to the farm readers of the *Ploughman*. Probably nine readers out of every ten cut and haul the year's stock of wood in the winter. Occasionally a farmer cuts and hauls his wood in the month of November or December, hauling it on wheels, rather than wait for sledding. The wood lots of many, however, are such that they cannot use wheels for this purpose, but are compelled to use runners; and, besides, where logs are large and cut eight feet long, the old time sled length, they cannot be loaded on to a cart or wagon unless cut at the length of four feet and split before drawing. When this is done and when a wood lot is so situated as to allow the use of wheels, as argued by some, they rather handle their wood in November or before snow falls than after. But the majority of farmers are so situated that they rather haul their wood on runners than on wheels. Such generally cut their wood when ready to draw it, and that is in the winter.

THE TIME FOR FELLING TREES FOR WOOD OR TIMBER.

As a rule wood is cut, or in other words, trees are felled for this purpose at the season when vegetation is suspended, or in respect to deciduous trees, that is to say, trees that drop their leaves in autumn or the approach of winter, when their leaves are off and the year's growth is ended. It is claimed by some, and this view is indorsed by Franklin B. Hough, Ph. D., Chief of the Forestry Division in the United States Department of Agriculture, and Member of the American Philosophical Society, etc., that wood seasons better and timber lasts longer at this period than when cut in the season of active growth. In the winter are stored in the cells elements to serve for the first growth of the coming season, such as starch, etc. When timber is to be peeled, or when trees are felled for the bark, as hemlock and oak for tanners' bark, they must be cut in early summer, say June. Hoop-poles should never be cut when the bark will peel, as the loss of the bark impairs both their utility and their good looks.

CONIFERS OR CONE BEARING TREES.

Evergreens or black timber as pines, hemlocks, firs, etc., the best time for cutting, according to an old tradition, is in summer when the timber can be peeled and thus be saved from the ravages of bark-boring insects or vermin. The timber seasons more readily when the bark is removed than when it is left on. Thus is prevented what is called "powder-post" as it respects walnut timber cut for ox bows, axe-handles, whip-stocks, etc. Probably more than three-fourths of all the "cord wood" for market is cut in the winter and early spring. This is done at this time regardless of the slight difference in value of the wood, if there be any, either one way or the other, because choppers are unable to find other work, and those desiring to have this work done can have it done at less cost than at any other season of the year. Therefore, felling trees for wood will continue for generations to come, undoubtedly, as for generations past, to be done in winter and during the season that deciduous trees are leafless.

SEASONING OF WOODS.

Wood when cut green contains from thirty-seven and a half to fifty per cent. of water, according to age and the time of cutting, the weight being greater in the growing than in the dormant season. The older wood is more compact and solid than the young and immature. It is not deemed good economy to keep wood in store, even under cover, more than a year or a year and a half at the extent. Hickory, from green to dry, loses 37 1-2 per cent., white oak 41 per cent., important facts for the consideration of those who ship wood or timber by weight on the railways, as to whether it be green or dry. So of burning it, if there be from 40 to 50 per cent. of water to be evaporated by heat. Wood or timber that has been floated in water will season sooner and become lighter than that which has had no such treatment, says an observer. To season to the best advantage, be it wood or timber, expose it to the sun. Wood after it is fitted for the fire should cure or dry in the sun before it is piled in the wood shed or wood house. Take care to have air spaces when piling wood for the year's stock in your wood house, otherwise the wood may be damaged. The same is true of timber and lumber. Railway ties, telegraph and telephone polls should be cut in June when they can be easily peeled, for, being thus prepared, they not only look better but will last much longer.

Dec. 4, 1882. LEANDER WETHERELL.

WINTERING PIGS.

[F. D. Curtis, in N. Y. Tribune.]

I have found that it costs as much or more to winter a young pig as it does an old hog, and have abandoned the practice of wintering anything but breeders. A breeding sow may be allowed to have a litter of pigs in the spring which can be sold, and the old will get in fine condition, almost if not quite fit for butchering, on clover, corn-stalks and roots. And we count the income derived from the pigs as an extra gain. There is always a demand in the spring for young pigs at from $2 to $4 each, for fattening, and a higher price for breeding stock, which makes the profits on a breeding sow equal to that of a cow, with a great deal less cost of keeping. By a little painstaking and effort a farmer can make a market for his pork at a price more remunerative than what is usually paid for it in the carcass. Town people will buy and eat more pork if they know that it has been grown and fattened on wholesome food. We could have sold in Schenectady for ten cents a pound a ton of spare-ribs produced on our farm, if we had had them. Our head-cheese sold at the same price, and we expect to realize from 12 to 15 cents for the bacon, hams and shoulders. The highest price which was paid in our local markets for pigs was seven cents per pound. The lard was sold at from eight to ten cents per pound, according to quality. Our pigs are cut so that they can be wholly marketed in the above forms. Pigs grown and fattened as I have described produce meat not only of the healthiest character, but of the very best flavor, which of course increases the demand for them.

MARSHFIELD FARMERS' INSTITUTE.

[*Specially reported for the Ploughman.*]

The Farmers' Institute was held under the auspices of the Marshfield Agricultural Society on Friday, Dec. 1st, in their hall Mr. Geo. M. Baker presided.

The Institute was opened by Geo. Peterson, on the question of poultry raising. He believed that cleanliness and good feeding was necessary to good results. Plymouth Rocks would develop earlier than the light Brahma, but for profit he considered the latter the best. He has no roosts for the Brahmas; he thinks elevated roosts cause many deaths by the large hens falling. He has them rest on hay, laid upon the ground as a bedding.

Mr. Edmund Hersey followed Mr. Peterson, and spoke on the poultry and corn question. He thought that poultry raising required especial adaptation, while any one could raise corn with plenty of manure. He generally keeps some two or three hundred hens, and does not believe in changing the breed often; he has made no change to speak of during his many years' experience. He believes in raising the best American fowl.

Miss A. B. Williamson of Marshfield, read an essay on "Seed-time." It was *full* of good points, beautifully written, and delivered with the grace, clearness and force of an orator. After the essay, a collation was served to the audience in the basement of the large hall.

Hon. Paul A. Chadbourne, President of Massachusetts Agricultural College, opened the afternoon session. He began by saying that of all the crops that bring the greatest profit, which was discussed this forenoon, the raising a crop of noble men and women was the best. When it was announced that he was to take the presidency of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, one very distinguished man in the eastern portion of the state, said to him, "You are insane to accept that position;" and another eminent man addressed him similarly, adding that no one with any marked ability remained on the farm.

He thought after such remarks that he had additional reasons to accept the position and help elevate the industry of farming in the estimation of the public. He believed in practical education and thought a man who worked his way through College was benefitted by that course only because that in getting a living and funds to carry him through, brought him in contact with practical men and things, and this is what the Massachusetts Agricultural College is doing. The student is obliged to practice to some extent what he is studying, and that is a great advantage over the student who attends a classical college.

There is no place where more intelligent activity is demanded than upon the farm. The naturalist is at home there. The farmer is a host within himself. Prof. Agassiz, that great naturalist, could find enough upon any one farm to engage his attention for a life time. He scorns the idea advanced by some that the Agricultural College raises the student above the plane of a farmer. He challenges any profession to sum up greater intellectual requirements to achieve success in their calling than is required of the successful farmer. His address was listened to with marked attention; it was full of practical ideas, and the untiring zeal and earnestness made manifest in his work was imparted to his audience, and they all exclaimed, one to another, "isn't he splendid." A vote of thanks was passed for his admirable address.

Mr. Caleb Bates of Kingston, convulsed the audience with laughter in the morning session, with some witty remarks upon the peculiar habits of the hen.

L. S. Richards enquired of Prof. Chadbourne and Mr. Edmund Hersey whether a good crop of potatoes could be raised from planting green potatoes. Prof. Chadbourne thought that a good crop could be raised therefrom, but Mr. Hersey was in doubt. Neither had tried the experiments, and singular to say no one in the audience testified that they had tried it. Mr. Hersey and others said they should try it next year and report.

Mr. F. B. Deveraux, who carries on the Webster farm, stated in relation to eggs, that although the Leghorns were small, yet with the shells off, he found by experiment they weighed more than the light Brahma eggs, shelled, hence of greater value for eating. Miss L. Emeline Bates, of Kingston, read an essay on flowers. It was full of thought, and exhibited a trained mind in this beautiful department of nature. The hall was filled and the audience was very attentive. The Marshfield Farmers' Institute is a success, and continues to sustain its reputation for holding one of the best Institutes in the State.

Yours, &c.,
L. S. RICHARDS.
East Marshfield, Dec. 2, 1882.

STONY GROUND.

[Lancaster Farmer.]

There is on many farms more or less of ground so rocky that it will not repay the expense of cultivation, and all of such spots should be planted with trees. These may be got out of the woods or farm nurseries or what would be easier, cheaper and probably much more effectual, the seeds of various kinds of trees could be sown, imitating as nearly as possible the natural processes which have produced all the forests of the country. The seeds of the different trees should be gathered in the woods just at the time that they fall naturally, and they should be immediately planted in little shallow holes among the stones and covered with a little earth. There the rains of autumn, the snows of winter, and the sunshine of spring would bring up a crop of young trees, which should be fenced in from cattle and left to themselves. They would require no labor after the first sowing and fencing except subsequent thinning out from year to year of those that were too crowded or most valuable for economic purposes. If hickory nuts black walnuts, butternuts, chestnuts and the seeds of sugar plums, pines and spruces were any of them or all of them sown everywhere and there over the place intended for a grove the most valuable kinds and those that thrive best could be ultimately left to become great trees. After ten years the annual thinnings of this grove for firewood, fencing, hop-poles, railroad ties, etc., would probably make it as valuable a part of the farm as any other, and when the black walnut and butternut trees become large enough to be sold to cabinet-makers the value of the grove would be very great. The present race of farmers may say they would not live to see the trees become fit for the cabinet-makers, but none the less would the growth of that grove increase the value of the farm every year, and that whether the owner sold it or left it to his children.

NEW POTATOES.

The editor of the Rural Home (Rochester) has been growing and testing some of the newer varieties of potatoes and says of them as follows:

The impression received from testing the different varieties boiled, and eaten simply with salt, were as follows:

White Elephant. Long, large around, large in the middle, tapering towards the ends, slightly flattened; rose color; eyes rather deep set. Flesh white, cooked mealy, a trifle salvy, fine grained; good.

Rochester Favorite. White skin, long and round, large, with shallow eyes. Flesh slightly tinged with pink, mealy, fine-grained, and a decidedly good flavor. It would not show as well as the latter on the table, but has more flavor.

Vick's Prize. White skin, shallow eyes, immense in size—long and broad. Flesh white, mealy, fine and of first quality.

Mammoth Pearl. Skin white; large, oval, shallow eyes. Flesh white, fine, dry and very good.

Chicago Market. Skin rose colored; tuber long, slender, flattened. Flesh white, tinged with pink; a trifle salvy, pretty good.

Burbank's Seedling. This is now a pretty well known and generally a well approved potato. It is long, slender, shallow eyes, with white skin. The flesh is white; cooks up dry and mealy, and is of good quality.

While all of these were what all would call good potatoes, and we think, so far as tried, productive, no one would say that they were equal in quality the old Peachblow. If some one can originate a potato equal in productiveness and quality to the White, or Jersey Peachblow, that will ripen before freezing weather, grow a little more concentrated in the hill, and with smaller tops; that will retain its good qualities for a series of years, he will prove a public benefactor.

In addition to the above, we have the experiments of Mr. G. Cowing of Muncie, Ind., who has written the following to the Indiana Farmer.

Early Onio—This variety has been cultivated here four seasons, and proves to be the best very early potato ever introduced, being 10 days or two weeks earlier than Early Rose or Beauty of Hebron, and as productive, and of as good quality as either of them.

Clark's No. 1, Watson's seedling and Chicago Market—are all, in general appearance, habit of growth and time of maturing very much like the Early Rose, but are regarded, in various localities where they have been fairly tested, as preferable to it. They have all proved to be productive here, and of excellent flavor.

White Star—resembles Burbank's seedling in color and shape, but matures earlier, is more productive and of better flavor.

Matchless, Mammoth Pearl and Magoun Bonum—These varieties greatly resemble each other in general appearance of tubers, time of ripening and habit of growth. They are noted for their productiveness and for their large and beautiful white tubers. Probably Magnum Bonum is the most productive of the three. The quality of all is excellent. Medium in ripening.

The Belle and Queen of the Valley.—These varieties are remarkable for their productiveness and uniformly large, handsome pink tubers, which in shape are long or oval and sometimes flattened. One of the most experienced potato growers in the country pronounces the Belle to be the most perfect variety now cultivated. Each produces in this locality. Quality excellent.

Pride of America—Much like Snowflake but matures two weeks later, and does not produce as many small tubers. Productive and of the best quality.

Ontario—This was sent out as an early variety, but does not mature before midsummer. It is productive and its tubers are remarkably smooth, beautiful, white in color and of the finest flavor. It is a long keeper.

White Elephant and Orange—are of good quality and very productive but are too rough in appearance to be retained. When we have so many varieties producing smooth and beautiful tubers of fine quality we cannot afford to waste our time in cultivating rough, unsightly sorts.

Wall's Orange—This was first sent out last spring, and was sold for $1 per pound. It is said that last year, without petting, it yielded 80 pounds for one of seed; that its tubers were uniformly large and very smooth, and equal in quality to the best. I believe seed of it planted by me last spring was enfeebled by being cut too thin, but a small tuber of it, weighing four ounces produced one peck of fair potatoes. Tubers long, round, remarkably smooth, of a tawny hue with eyes of a deep violet color. A Pennsylvania potato grower, of good judgment, believing there was money in it, paid $250 last autumn for the product of 25 pounds of this variety planted in the spring of the same year.

McCormick—This is a remarkable variety in many respects. It is probably the strongest grower ever cultivated, its plants varying from four to five and a half feet high, and frequently an inch in diameter at their base. It is unusually productive, and its tubers are uniformly large; sometimes round or flattened, but generally long and irregular in shape. Skin of a pink color. As a long keeper, I have never met its equal. Tubers first placed in a cellar last autumn were in good condition for table use last July, and a few acciden ally overlooked and left in the same place, were taken out six weeks later with a portion of their eyes still dormant. It requires a September free from frost to produce a full crop, which it enjoyed last season and this. It grows as vigorously in dry weather as a cactus, and to-day, Oct. 10th, is as green as other sorts were in June. It will rank with the best in flavor, and thus far has proved to be the very best late potato I ever cultivated.

Blue Victor—This is a variety noted for the large size and great beauty of its tubers, its flavor is good, and it is a long keeper, but grown near Magnum Bonum, it did not produce more than two-thirds as many marketable tubers as that variety.

PRESERVING HARNESS.

[Harness Journal.]

The first point to be observed is to keep the leather soft and pliable. This can be done only by keeping it well charged with oil and grease. Water is a destroyer of each of these. But mud and saline moisture from the animal are even more destructive. Mud in drying absorbs the grease and opens the pores of the leather, making it a ready prey to water, while the salty character of the perspiration from the animal injures the leather, stitching and mounting. It therefore follows that to preserve a harness the straps should be washed and oiled at intervals as required. To do this effectually the straps should be unbuckled and detached, then washed with warm soft water and brown soap, and hung by a slow fire, or in the sun until nearly dry, then coated with a mixture of neatsfoot oil and tallow and allowed to remain in a warm room for several hours and when perfectly dry rub thoroughly with a woolen rag. The rubbing is important, as it, in addition to removing surplus oil and grease, tends to close pores and give a finish to the leather. In hanging harness care should be taken to allow all straps to hang their full length. Light is essential to the care of leather, and when the harness closet is dark the door should be left open at least half the time during the day. All closets should be well lighted. To clean plated mountings use a chamois with a little tripoli or rotton stone, but they should be secured as little as possible.

☞ With eggs averaging about three cents apiece at wholesale, it is wise for poultry owners to keep the egg machines at work.

Written expressly for the Massachusetts Ploughman

"BEST SEASON FOR CUTTING WOOD."

BY CHARLES M. HOVEY.

To the Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

I have read with some interest the remarks of Mr. E. Hersey, upon my paper under the above title, the real object of which was to elicit some information in regard to the statement of the *Ploughman* why a tree "was comparatively free from sap in September" any more than earlier or later in the year, rather than the best season for cutting wood; for although I have had very little personal experience, certainly none compared with that of Mr. Hersey; yet I thought the evidence collected by Mr. Emerson quite as conclusive as the experience of any one man, had he done nothing but fell wood all his life.

In 1847 our State authorized a commission for a Botanical survey of the State, with especial reference "to keep carefully in view the economical relations of any subject of enquiry."

For eight years, during the summer months, Mr. Geo. B. Emerson, at the head of the commission, labored to complete and perfect the report, and the thoroughness of his work gave it an authority, I thought much more reliable than that of any individual. His conclusions upon the best season for cutting wood derived from practical men in all parts of the State, being, as I have stated, during the winter.

"The chemical laboratories of nature are so minute, yet so wonderfully efficient, and at the same time so hidden from the human vision that I don't pretend to fathom any of her mysteries," so says Mr. Hersey, and I quite agree with him; so much so that controversies upon the subject would not perhaps give us information worth the time spent in its preparation or space in the *Ploughman*. But I am so much indebted to Mr. Hersey for the evidence he has adduced in regard to the subject of sap in trees, corroborating what I said, I am induced to offer a few additional remarks. The eminent German chemist, Stockhardt, Mr. Hersey says, "found the amount of sap in a tree to vary during the year, 14 per cent; being the most in the winter and least in the summer." I thought I stated or intended to state the same thing, viz, that I was taught to believe a tree was filled with sap from September to April," which certainly included the winter; also, that the leaves added to its weight.

Further, Mr. Hersey writes: "Mr. Hovey says, 'certainly if a rock maple was comparatively free from sap in September, where does it get the supply before February, when sugar makers begin to tap the trees?' Sure enough, where?" Now, did Mr. Hersey read carefully Prof. Clark's experiment with the rock maple, with a view to discover the source of supply? If so he will find the sap did not come from the ground. Prof. Clark dug away the soil from the roots, and cut off its connection with the earth; he then tapped the tree near the root, and the sap did not flow freely as he expected. He then tapped it higher up, and it ran as freely as any other tree. Now, curiously enough, Stockhardt's experiment gives us the solution. He says a tree contains 14 per cent. more sap in winter than in summer, though it would appear a difficult matter to ascertain it.

White maple or poplar, only a half inch in diameter, and 2 feet high May 1, would be 6 feet high in June, and eight or ten feet high and an inch or two in diameter in September. But supposing it exact, it corresponds with Mr. Hersey's statement that a sugar maple will furnish 147 gallons of sap in 3 weeks. A tree large enough to do this is easily measured. We can find out just how many cords of wood it will cut. We know just how many feet there is in a cord. We know just how many gallons are contained in a cubic foot, and supposing a tree of that capacity to contain a thousand gallons, 147 is just about 14 per cent., corresponding with Stockhardt's experiment.

"Mr. Hovey, as well as I, knows that trees which we take up from our nurseries in autumn and pack away in the cellar for the early spring trade are not as full of sap as trees that stand in the ground over winter." I must say I do not know it. A tree or trees packed in masses in half dry soil in a dry cellar, as they usually are in large establishments, are not of course half as full of sap as trees that stand in the ground. But if packed away in plenty of good earth in a cool cellar or pit, are just as full of sap as if they stood in the open ground. It is the practice of Mr. H. H. Hunnewell and other cultivators who grow choice half hardy Rhododendrons to pack them away in earth during winter in a cold pit; and they flower quite as freely and as beautifully as the hardy kinds standing in the open ground. If they lost any sap the buds would drop. A healthy tree is always full of sap and can contain no more. It is so full, in fact, that experiments have shown the pressure of its upward flow in spring to be equal to 2 or 3 atmospheres, and it only loses it when it is exposed to the drying influence of the air and absence of moisture at the roots to supply the top.

The sap in trees, especially of large size, does not seem to be arrested even in our severe winters. A row of white maples and two which overhang my window, never cease action; I have watched them 40 years, and the growth of the flowering buds can be plainly seen to enlarge and swell every month from December to April. Any temperature near the freezing point will extract the moisture from the buds of a tree, and if it is not at once replaced by moisture at the root, it soon dries up and dies. Leaves are just so many little pumps, pumping up the moisture, and as soon as the supply at the root fails the growth ceases, the leaves wilt, and eventually the tree dies, as is often the case in long extended and severe drought.

Prof. Goodale, in his recent lectures at the Lowell Institute, has illustrated this, as well as the functions of leaves, from which there is no evaporation of moisture in a growing state, only carbonic and oxygen gasses.

In regard to the keeping of timber cut in September, I can only say that a lot of elm trees 6 inches in diameter, cut and thrown into a pile, were sawed into dry wood in April, while others cut at the same time and used to prop up an old fence, with one end in the ground, were actually covered with young twigs and green leaves the whole summer. Capillary action supplied the requisite moisture.

But I need not enlarge. I wished to learn something about trees "comparatively free from sap," without thinking so much about the season for felling wood, as I knew about all the millions of feet produced in the country were cut from November to February, not because it was a leisure time, but because it was the only period when it could be felled for its "strength, beauty and durability." If this is not so it is high time the people should know it.

Now if Mr. Hersey will tell us when a thrifty growing tree is "comparatively free from sap," I am sure he will confer a very great favor not only to me but to everyone interested in the growth of plants.

"ENSILAGE" WITHOUT A "SILO."

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

It will be remembered by the readers of the *Ploughman* that in a recent number you spoke of an experiment made on our farm in "Ensilage" on the German or Scotch plan.

After filling the three silos we had about an acre of corn left, which was disposed of by digging in the gravel bank at the end of the barn a place sufficiently large and deep to hold it, and after cutting the same as the other one half inch in length, it was put into this hole with no other pressure than thoroughly treading and the cover of boards and 18 inches of earth. In this condition it remained until Nov. 22, when it was opened and we commenced feeding.

About two inches next to the boards was in a state of partial decomposition, the remainder was in color and apparent condition as good as any ensilage I ever saw.

The acidity is probably more than that of ensilage well weighted in the common silo. We are now and have been for some days feeding one ton a day of this to forty cows.

The cows eat this clean, leaving no refuse whatever, with a seeming relish. They have no other feed except a small feeding of hay once a day, are looking well and sustain a good flow of milk.

The relative value of this to ensilage from the silo I am not able at present to give.

*Pittsf

handle the milk, after reaching the depot, and deliver it to consumers at one cent a quart or less. Add half a cent for transportation, as would be necessary in the case of the Boston supply, for example, and you have 1½ as the total cost, between producer and consumer, instead of 3½ or 4 cents, the present cost of the middle service in most cities. Here is a saving of two cents a quart, if not more, to be secured by the producers and consumers and divided between them, through cooperation.

In this connection, the speaker referred to the fact that a charter had been granted for a proposed Massachusetts Dairy Association, and said he could not understand how such a franchise had been permitted to lie unused in this State. There should be, he thought, a spontaneous movement among the producers of milk on all lines of transportation centring at Boston to bring this company into active operation.

If Milk is not Sold, What Shall be Done With It?

In answer to this question, the speaker advocated butter-making on the co-operative plan, the feasibility and profit of which he claimed had now been fully demonstrated by the creameries established and in successful operation in this State and elsewhere. He argued that the loss in manurial value by the sale of cream alone from a stanchioned cow would amount to only 92 cents in the end of $7 30, as in the case where the whole milk is sold; and under the cream gathering plan, every patron of a factory may take home his share of the better milk. Selling all the butter from a good cow will draw from the fertility of the farm, in the course of a year, to the extent of just about six cents. He claimed the following advantages for the Fairhaven system.

1. The quality of the whole product of a factory is equal to the best of the single dairies of the same environment.

2. The quantity of butter from the same cows is fully as great.

3 The average price is nearly enough higher to pay the cost.

4. The net income from a given number of cows as much as over, while all the time and labor of making and marketing is saved.

In conclusion, the speaker said: I interested in the milk question, he not content to let things remain in their present unsatisfactory state. Be active and earnest. Organize—co-operate. Do something, when so many are doing it is work, and not growing,—woes for your own interests and those of your fellows, that is needed to settle the milk question.

In answer to a question as to the best feed for a butter cow, the essayist said he thought a combination of feeds was the best.

Considerable discussion followed, in which Mr. Bowditch, M. Ware, Dr Wakefield, Mr. Chester, Mr. Hitchcock, and others, took part, and various theories, almost as varied as the number of speakers, were suggested with reference to the proper food for cows, having in view a profitable production of milk or butter. Mr. Bowditch thought that it was unadvisable to feed cotton-seed meal for the production of butter, as the flavor of the feed would be found in the product, while other speakers testified to having fed cotton-seed meal regularly without discovering any ill effects. The feeding of carrots, parsnips and cabbages in moderate quantities, was advocated by most of the speakers.

Mr. Bowditch and Mr. Chester were freely questioned in regard to the method of producing "gilt-edged butter," which sells in the Boston market at from 75 to 80 cents a pound, and kindly gave the audience the benefit of their valuable experience. Some of the speakers middle aged set the high price which some butter brought in by rather wasteful methods, preferring to live as near to the actual limit as they can, in some sort, a fashion to which Mr. Chester replied, that although the same might have been in former times, the case now is that the fact was, that certain butter-makers (prominent among whom was Mr. Bowditch) had succeeded in obtaining a class of customers who liked the flavor of the butter made by them which was really of fine quality, and were willing to pay liberally for the gratification of this taste.

At the close of the discussion, the meeting adjourned to 7½ o'clock.

[Full report continued in next week's Ploughman.]

The Ploughman.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DEC. 9, 1882.

☞ *Persons desiring a change in the address of their paper must state where the paper has been sent as well as the new direction.*

Indictments have been found against a number of persons for participation in the recent murders in Ireland.

The new Sunday law which went into operation in New York last Sunday, puts the Puritan "blue laws" out of conceit entirely.

A suit has been entered in the New York Supreme Court in the name of the people, to annul the charter of the Mutual Union Telegraph Company.

Municipal elections were held in several cities of Massachusetts on Tuesday last, the license question being very generally disposed of in favor of licensing.

Anthony Trollope continues in an unconscious state, with death impending. Postmaster general Fawcett's condition is the cause of grave apprehension.

The increasing display of choice and elegant goods in the stores on our leading thoroughfares, is the surest indication of the near approach of the holiday season.

In his book of estimates submitted to Congress by the Secretary of the Treasury, he asks an appropriation of $10,000 for a monument to Thomas Jefferson, on his grave Montucello, Va.

It is reported that France peremptorily rejects England's proposals on the Egyptian question, and there exist grave apprehensions of a rupture between the two countries in consequence.

Two petitions have been filed for the next Legislature, to obtain a new charter for a company to construct the Cape Cod Canal. One is with a capital named at two millions, which has precedence in order, and the other is with a capital of four millions.

It is recommended by the Secretary of the Navy that the bureau of life-saving service be transferred to the Navy Department. The recommendation meets with strong hostility, and with the best of reasons.

An end of the prevailing railroad war, and the adjustment of all difficulties, is predicted as near at hand. A conference is already in New York among the railroad managers, with a view to peace.

The National Dairy Fair was opened in due form at Milwaukee, Wis., on Tuesday; and on Wednesday the Butter, Egg and Cheese Association assembled in its tenth annual convention in the same place.

The Utah commission recommends in its report to the Secretary of the Interior, that certain places be designated for the solemnization of all marriages, to be witnessed by certain persons designated for the purpose, and afterwards registered in specific public offices, thereby rendering the proof of marriage morally certain.

At the meeting of the stockholders of the New York and New England Railroad held in this city on Tuesday, the old board of directors was reelected, and the President of the Company reported a highly flattering condition of the road. In the matter of the recent numerous accidents, the road's management was defended from all blame.

Few things, of the many good ones which the President recommended in his message, have struck so responsive a chord in the popular mind and heart as the recommendation to reduce letter postage all over the country from three to two cents per half ounce. There might be a deficit in the postal revenues for three or four years in consequence, but it would be much more than compensated in the increased revenues afterwards.

The Transit of Venus on Wednesday called to the housetops and into the streets a continuous multitude of gazers sunward, whose various inventions for looking the sun in the face without the inconvenience of being glared at in return, were at least interesting to behold. Successful observations of the passage of the planet were had at all our principal institutions possessing telescopic facilities for the purpose. At Harvard Observatory six telescopes were in use throughout the occurrence. More than 800 measures of the diameter of Venus were obtained, and the photometric and spectroscopic experiments were successful. We shall soon hear the results from the astronomical stations in the other quarters of the globe.

Congress is aroused to action in reference to the revival of the American merchant marine engaged in the foreign carrying trade, by the report of the investigations of the joint special committee appointed at the past session. It passed the bill, on Tuesday, which was reported at the last session by the committee on commerce, abolishing three months' extra wages to seamen except in certain cases. It is substantially the same bill which was recommended by the Boston Board of Trade.

CONGRESS.

The second, and short, session of the Forty-seventh Congress assembled at the national capitol on Monday, at noon, and immediately on organising received the annual message of the President and listened to its reading. We speak of the several features of this document in another place. The House adjourned over to the following day out of respect to the memory of Mr. Updegraff of Ohio, and the Senate out of respect to that of Mr. B. H. Hill, Senator from Georgia. The department and commission reports were all put in together, having been kept from the public up to the last moment, thereby making the reading of them more hasty and consequently less satisfactory. The ab ence of unanimity, or even of harmony, in these numerous recommendations, renders it extremely difficult to digest any single plan for legislative action. For example, as the subject of reducing the revenue, the President recommends one thing, the Secretary of the Treasury another, —though the President urgently endorses his recommendations to Congress,—and the Commissioner of Internal Revenue another. Then there is a new tariff bill from the Tariff Commissioner, proposing almost radical changes in the present tariff, which is independent of them all. The House Ways and Means Committee has promptly reported a bill for the entire abolition of the tax on tobacco. The House has passed a bill repealing and amending certain acts pertaining to the shipment and discharge of seamen. A resolution was offered in the Senate, directing the judiciary committee to investigate the matter of levying political assessments on government employes. A bill was passed permitting retired army officers to hold official positions in the Territories. A struggle has already developed over the rival plans for the reduction of internal taxation and the revision of the tariff, which is just as like'y to result in nothing being done during the session tor the relief of the consumers and tax payers of the country.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

Congress assembled on Monday last at noon, and after organising received the customary message from the Executive. It is not a long paper, nor does it show signs of elaboration; it is rather plain, straightforward and business-like, and easy of comprehension in all its parts by the all intelligent citizens. The first part of it is devoted to our foreign relations, in the course of which he refers approvingly to international conferences, asking authority to appoint delegates to such as this country is interested in. No legislation is asked in consequence of our present relations with any foreign country. We are told that we can successfully do nothing more as between Chili and Peru, unless we are prepared to set up a protectorate over South American States. Our concert with other maritime nations for establishing rules to prevent collision at sea is recommended, as is also the abolishment of consular fees as a part of consular compensation.

The message bestows the most attention on that important branch of domestic affairs which is involved in the condition of the public finances. A statement is presented of the revenues and expenditures for the last fiscal year; likewise of the exports and imports, and of the national banks. The views contained in the report of the Secretary of the Treasury are urgently commended to the consideration of Congress especially in reference to bank circulation and the best methods of preventing its too sudden contraction. He sees no reason to change his former views on the advisability of stopping the regular coinage of silver. The President is emphatic in his recommendation for the immediate reduction of the revenue, which is admitted to be extravagantly in excess of the needs of the government. To this end he proposes the removal of a good many internal revenue taxes, practically including all but those on distilled spirits.

He gives his reasons for not recommending the removal of excise taxes in whole as yet. By retaining the tax on spirits, he believes the duties on imports can be more largely reduced; nevertheless, in any reduction of import duties, he refuses to lose sight of the vast interests of American industry. While he favors an extension of the free list, he would simplify the contradictory schedule of duties on manufactured goods, especially those of iron, steel and cotton, and a decided reduction on such other articles as silk and woolen goods, sugar and molasses. He hopes to see at least some of the above named things done at the present session, even if such a work as tariff revision be not formally undertaken. The message asserts that there is no need of passing any appropriation bill for rivers and harbors at the present session of Congress. The revenue and financial portion of the message is the most important.

Military and naval matters receive their share of attention. A revision of the militia laws and the army retirement bill is suggested. Congress is urged to give its attention to the revival of our merchant marine, while better vessels should be built, with better armaments, for the building up of our naval power. An amendment to the Constitution is suggested which shall give the Executive authority to veto certain portions of a bill while approving others. The reduction of the postage on letters to two cent is recommended, the deficiency in the revenue on that account not being likely to exist after the first three or four years. The passage of a national bankrupt law is urged. The guilty ones in the star-route cases are promised their just punishment. The President closes his message with the cordial advocacy of civil service reform, and in emphatic condemnation of political assessment. He promises to cooperate heartily with Congress in any measure that shall cover the reform demanded in this respect.

THE STAR ROUTE TRIAL.

Quite a stir was recently made in Washington, in consequence of the removal of certain District and other officials by the President, on the ground of information from the government counsel that they were actively interfering with the course of justice in this case. This act of the President has called forth the all but universal plaudits of the country, the common desire being very strong that these men shall finally meet with their deserts. It means that the government is in earnest in the prosecution of this corrupt gang of thieves, whom Attorney-General Brewster characterizes in terms that will stick to the entire ring as long as they live to remember it. Having at length become fully aware that they can no longer hope to find support and sympathy in any of the departments, and must expect to be tried on the actual merits of the charges themselves.

So much, then, has been gained for the cause of justice. The conspirators now stand apart by themselves. Senator Spencer, the government director of the Union Pacific Railroad, was summarily removed by the President because he is "a delinquent and absconding witness." That is the way he helped the accused, and helped them very materially. No one's testimony in the case was of more value to the government than his. Col. Bliss, one of the government attorneys, pleaded for the removal of all these men from office in order that "the atmosphere which surrounds the case officially should be in some measure purified." The only fair criticism on the President's action that we have seen is, that it came so late as to have lost much of its effect. Yet it will be a wholesome lesson to the jury that is to try the case, and will unquestionably go far to decide the character of the verdict.

THE "COUNTRY MEETING."

A full report of the proceedings of the "Country Meeting" of the State Board at Northampton will be found in another column. It will command a wide and eager perusal. The weather was propitious, and all things combined to promote the success of the Meeting in accordance with the programme. The opening address of President Chadbourne of the State Agricultural College, which we present in its full text to the readers of this week's *Plowman*, will be found to be eminently instructive and entertaining, and to contain stimulating thoughts and reflections. The other speakers treated of the Milk Question, Grain growing, Tobacco Cultivation, the Chemistry of Stock Feeding, Poultry for Market and Table, Fencing, Agricultural Machinery and Implements, and Forest Fires. This is a superior variety of topics, all of which are timely to the extent of urgency. That they were thoroughly handled it is unnecessary for us to say.

The attendance at each session of the Meeting was large, and manifested increasing interest in what was said by those who participated in the discussions. The farming community was represented by many of its most noted men, who showed that they knew why they had come together on this welcome annual occasion. Men of the agricultural stamp of Prof. Goessmann, President Chadbourne and Senator Grinnell, are always worth going a long ways to listen to, when they are announced as having something special to say. And at this annual meeting of the State Board they spoke in the truest interests of farmers and farming, as the reading of the phonographic report of their remarks elsewhere, will convince every one. This Meeting may be described as successful above even its fortunate predecessors. There was an atmosphere of intelligence pervading it which gave it a character for superiority in one respect and for authority in all.

Even in winter, Northampton is one of the most attractive towns to visit. If its natural scenery is not so attractive under the covering which the season furnishes as in the verdurous clothing of summer, its choice social elements still remain to testify to the true life of the place and to render its atmosphere the most delightful to appreciative visitors. The citizens needed no hints from any quarter to unite in tendering the State Board of Agriculture and those whom its presence had drawn there the tokens of their habitual hospitality. The attendants on the Country Meeting, as well as those who were engaged in carrying it on successfully, were at once made easy with the assurance of a sincere welcome, which they felt would not be worn out with even a much longer stay. Northampton is widely known and justly for the distinguished men in various walks of life whom it has produced for the country. They have given the town a name that promises perpetuity.

The scenery is unrivalled in respect to the character for which it is eminent. Intelligence, culture, refinement, and a pure tone express the features of its ordinary life. It is a place for enjoying the highest educational privileges in connection with a healthy climate which never fails to greatly enhance their value. The Connecticut border is on one side, the fattest meadows stretching along its sluggish stream and furnishing rich harvests with the easiest cultivation. Round Hill is celebrated as one of the chief features of its varied and noble scenery, while Mount Tom raises itself with a grand dignity to a height of over twelve hundred feet. Smith College, for young women, is located in the town, than which there is no more generously endowed female college in the country, and to which there can be said to be but a single rival.

The appearance, at the opening of winter, of a company of agriculturists in such a town, to discuss questions pertaining to farming interests exclusively, could not fail to excite more or less curiosity among the citizens, which, however, readily changed into sympathy and cooperation. It is not every year that the State Board and its agricultural followers are given so cordial and appreciative a reception. They came to the close of their allotted task with a feeling of having been met and accorded by a people whose favor it war well worth much exertion, if that were necessary, to secure. The "Country Meeting" at Northampton will long be remembered with both pleasure and profit by all who participated in its exercises, while the cordial reception that was extended to visitors will always be associated with a season of personal profit and advantage.

In relation to Agriculture the President says in his annual message, after commending the Report of the Commissioner of Agriculture, that the condition of the forests of the country and the waste of manner in which their destruction is taking place, give cause for serious apprehension. Their action in protecting the earth's surface, in modifying the extremes of climate, and regulating and sustaining the flow of springs and streams, is now well understood, and their importance in relation to the growth and prosperity of the country cannot be safely disregarded. They are fast disappearing before destructive fires and the legitimate requirements of our increasing population, and their total extinction cannot be long delayed unless better methods than now prevail shall be adopted for their protection and cultivation. The President therefore calls the attention of Congress to the necessity of additional legislation to secure the preservation of the valuable forests still remaining on the public domain, especially in the extreme Western States and Terri ories.

☞ Capt. Nathaniel Stone died at Auburn Mass., on the 24th of November, at the age of eighty-nine years. He was the last of his family, and the oldest citizen with a single exception. His wife, with whom he had lived sixty one years, preceded him a little more than three years. One of his four children survives, together with seven grandchildren and four great grandchildren. Four generations have had their birth under the roof of the old homestead. Capt. Stone was a sub-criber to the *Massachusetts Ploughman* from its first year. Last year he shelled one hundred bushels of corn. To the last he enjoyed perfect health. His character was as clear as glass, and what he did he was willing that all should know. His memory will be revered by his descendants to the latest generation.

Texas—Is in itself an empire greater than any other State in area, containing 274 356 square miles. Larger than the German empire, and twice as large as Great Britain and Ireland, the value of her staple products in 1881 was $95,960,930, a gain of fully 60 per cent over the previous year. She has a great variety of natural wealth inviting every class of emigration, but one of special attractiveness to northern enterprise and labor, in the pine counties of Eastern Texas. The writer well remembers the distinction he once earned over his classmates in the Boston Latin School, thirty years ago, by being able to give from memory the names of 26 rivers in Texas, and that the nickname of "Twenty-six Rivers" became attached to him for some time. Now many of these rivers traverse the timber lands of Texas, and afford easy and natural transportation to the lumber markets. Various rail oads already built and projected, will open still further these immense Texan pineries, and give increased facilities to the lumber business. An investment now in such lands will pay in a few years several hundred per cent. It is worth anybody's while to come to Boston for the purpose of a personal interview with Mr. C. A. Parks, at 17 Pemberton Square, who has recently returned from a protracted visit to Texas, to gain the valuable information which he will give in regard to Texas Lands.

FARM EXHIBIT

at the State Board Meeting at Northampton.

The farmers of the Connecticut Valley made an exhibit of some of the products of their farms. The most attractive show was made by F. Edson, of Hadley, consisting of specimens of Broom Corn of different varieties; some with the seed on, and some stripped and ready to manufacture into brooms. The variety known as the black seed was represented as an early variety, this and the variety known as the evergreen were evidently much superior to the variety formerly grown by all growers, and still grown by those who fail to keep in the front ranks of progress. The most attractive part of Mr. Edson's exhibit was a large display of brooms of various sizes, being made of brush of a superior quality, by one who evid nlly was a superior workman. Satisfactorily home-made could look upon them without feeling a desire to possess one of each size, to use in the dusty corners of her household. While looking at this display we could not help wishing that the farmers of the Connecticut Valley would, at no distant day, be able to make the raising of broom corn, and the manufacture of brooms, more profitable than the growing of tobacco.

There was quite a large display of Sord Corn; but only a small portion of it was marked with the name of the variety or of the contributor. Some very fine specimens of Dent Corn were on exhibition; the ears were well filled out, and although they were several inches shorter than some of the eight rowed yellow corn, the kernels were so long, making the cob so small that it was claimed that it would furnish the most shelled corn to the ear.

W. J Kingsley of Northampton, and S. L. Parsons & Son made a fine display of eight and ten rowed yellow corn. The former exhibited ears measuring upwards of 14 inches in length.

Alvin Blanchard of Northampton exhibited some very well grown eight rowed yellow corn; also a box of wheat taken from a field that is said to have produced 48 bushels to the acre.

George M. Parker and H. C. Haskell exhibited specimens of corn, the former taking the first, and the latter the second premium off red for the first and second best field of corn raised by boys. H. C Cummings exhibited a basket of very nearly perfect onions. There was also a display of turnips, carrots, beets, parsnips and potatoes.

Several bundles of wheat and oats were on exhibition, but the name of the exhibitor did not appear.

Several bundles of tobacco were kept carefully wrapped up in one corner, to be kept in good order until the subject of tobacco came up for discussion. One variety was marked Gold Leaf, another Havana.

John Brooks, of Princeton, exhibited specimens of grass that measured 6 feet 5 inches in length.

As a whole, the exhibition was good, though not very extensive, evidently the aim was to exhibit quality rather than quantity; a feature all exhibitors would do well to copy.

The Connecticut State Board of Agriculture will hold their Annual Winter Meeting at Rockville, Conn., on the 13th, 14th and 15th of December,—next week,—at which a large and enthusiastic assemblage is expected. The programme is an excellent one, and full of variety which will not fail to maintain its interest. Among the topics for essays, lectures, and discussion are Poultry Raising, the Utility of Birds in Agriculture, Trout Breeding, Bee Management, Small Farming, the Ventilation of Farm Buildings, the Trotting Horse, and the Farmer's Family. Ladies and delegates from Farm rs' Clubs are specially invited. There will be also an exhibition of fruits, grains, roots, etc., and an opportunity for buying fruit and exchanging views. The principal railroads will give free return tickets to those attending the Convention. Rockville is a successful manufacturing village, twelve miles from Hartford, on a branch of the New York and New England Railroad.

A Farmer's Institute will be held by the Essex Agricultural Society at Salem, Mass., in Plummer Hall, on Tuesday next, December 12 h, at 9.30 A. M. A numerous attendance is called for as an exhibition of fruits, grains, roots, etc., and an opportunity for buying fruit and exchanging views. The principal railroads will give free return tickets to those attending the Convention. Rockville is a successful manufacturing village, twelve miles from Hartford, on a branch of the New York and New England Railroad.

☞ During the last year we exported $247,000,000 worth of corn, while the grain exported only reached $52,000,000, and even counting corn in the form of pork the figures only reach $157 000,000. But we consume more corn than cotton; and the value of the corn crop is about twice as great as that of cotton, as follows: Six million bales of cotton, at $50 per bale, $300,000,000; 1 650 000,000 bushels of corn, at 40 cents, $660,000,000.

☞ An accident on the Lehigh Valley Railroad occurred at Rummeltown, Tuesday morning, caused by a misplaced switch. A freight train was standing on the siding and express train No. 8 ran into it. Engineer Pardee and fireman King killed. Of the freight were burned up, and R. M. Mullan, a brakeman, was badly hurt. Both engines were totally wrecked. The baggage, express and sleeping cars were burned, and also the mails. No passengers were injured.

"AM WONDERFULLY IMPROVED."

A gentleman in Coal City, Pa., who was in the first stages of consumption, having night sweats, cough and expectoration streaked with blood with loss of flesh, ordered a Compound Oxygen Treatment in June last. In a letter dated August 22d, he makes this very favorable report: "*I am wonderfully improved*, and when I look back on those hours of suffering at the commencement of your treatm nt, I can hardly believe my eyes. I am increasing in flesh and strength *and my lungs are wonderfully developed* if not quite well. * * * Last Saturday I walked up a high hill on my way home without coughing once, a thing I have not done since last March." Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen, its nature, action, and results, with reports of cases and full information, *sent free*. Dns. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 & 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

ONE EXPERIENCE FROM MANY.

I have been sick and miserable so long and had caused my husband so much trouble and expense, no one seemed to know what ailed me, that I was completely discouraged and did not care. In this frame of mind I got a bottle of Hop Bitters and used them unknown to my family. I soon began to improve and gained so fast that my husband and family thought it strange and unnatural, but when I told them what had helped me, they said, "Hurrah for Hop Bitters! long may they prosper, for they have made mother well and happy."—THE MOTHER.

☞ A negro, named Bill Allen, who, on Wednesday, killed Policeman Wright, of Chicago, was chased Sunday night by a squad of police and shot down. He wounded an officer in his flight.

☞ It is only a strong paper, with ample facilities, that can command such writers as Dr. R. S. Storrs, Sam'l Coolidge Pr. f. Phelps, Rev. Terry Cocke, Rev. George H. Hepworth, Mrs Sarah K. Bolton, and a host of others, whose names are to be found in the prospectus of the *Congregationalist* in our advertising columns. Those who want a good family paper will not go so far up in subscribing for the *Congregationalist*. We do not know where its superior is to be found.

— The ninth anniversary of the establishment of the Reformed Episcopal Church was observed with appropriate services in this city, on Sunday last.

A STALWART OLD ENEMY.

One of the toughest old adversaries of human comfort, and most difficult to overcome, is rheumatism. Many middle aged people suffer torture with it, and the old folks who have it find it the pest of their lives. The case of Jeremiah Kelly of Lewis own, Mass., is of great interest to the victims of this tough old enemy. Mrs. Sweet says: "I have been using PERRY DAVIS's PAIN KILLER for about eight years. As soon as I apply PAIN KILLER I have almost immediate relief from pain."

☞ The work of drying Russian marshes at city corrigendum for several years past, has resulted in reclaiming more than 1,700,000 acres, of which 330,000 are Crown lands. The canals with green peas at $1 40@1 50 ₱ bush for have been built to drain this great domain, and are likewise adapted for floating lumber from the forests which they penetrate to market.

☞ "Winter finds out what summer lays by." Kidney-Wort cures in winter and in summer. There is scarcely a person to be found who will not be greatly benefitted by a thorough course of Kidney-Wort every spring. If you cannot prepare the dry buy the liquid. It has the same effect.

☞ Farmers say that the water in the Hudson River is lower now than they have known it to be for twenty years.

☞ The name of zealous DeLong, Commander of the ill-fated Jeannette, will pass into history as that of a hero. The pitiless cold and perpetual snows of Siberia put at certainly killed him, as heart disease will kill its victims —unless they use Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator. It is the only known specific for the malady.

☞ There were sixty deaths at Havana from yellow fever during the past week.

☞ Purchasers of HOLIDAY PRESENTS will be interested in the new announcement in another column of Mr C W. BALDWIN, of Boston, who has an array of Gifts not to anything to the eye, which he is offering at retail at wholesale prices.

☞ At Houston, Texas, the International Cotton Exposition fire Saturday, at 11 o'clock, and at 12 P. M was still burning. The flames were unable to get any water on the flames. There were about 3000 bales of cotton in the press.

SUDDEN CHANGES OF WEATHER are productive of Throat Disease, Cough, Colds, & There is no more effectual relief in these disease than found than in the use of BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. Price 25 cts.

— The present is the second session of the forty-seventh Congress.

☞ Lydia E Pinkham's Veg table Compound strengthens the stomach and kidneys and alkalizes disease.

— The commissioner of internal revenue recommends the reduction of revenue taxes and a revision of the tariff.

☞ The *Hop Plaster* will cure Back Ache, and all other pains instantly. 25 cents only, at druggists.

— Congress commenced on Monday at noon, when all the official documents were presented to due order.

☞ VEGETINE is now acknowledged by on best physicians to be the only sure and safe remedy for all diseases a ising from impure blood, such as scrofula and scrofulous humors.

— France has withdrawn her consular officials from Madagascar, which is supposed means hostilities.

☞ If people who are troubled with colds, would take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral before retiring to church on places of entertainments, they would avoid coughing, greatly to the comfo t of both speakers and hearers. Public speakers and singers find that the Pectoral wonderfully increases the power and flexibility of the voice.

— Rev. Dr. Farber, who has been pastor of the First Church in Newton for thirty five years past, publicly resigned his pastorate last Sunday.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East Indian missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, *14 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.* oct11-13t-ow

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. JOSEPH T. INMAN, *Station D., New York City.* d-eow

BOSTON STOCK SALES.

At the Broker's Board, Wednesday.

FIRST SALE.

$ 4,000 Chicago, Burl. & Quincy R. 4s. old	88½
$ 9 000 Northern Pacific Railroad 6s	102
$10,000 Mexican Central 6s	45
20 A. & Ch., Top. & Santa F. R	35
175 do	35½
100 do	35¾
50 do	36
200 do	35½
200 do	35¾
45 Boston and Maine R	174
5 Chicago, Burl. and Quincy R	134½
100 Eastern Railroad	52
9 Old Colony Railroad	133½
100 Toledo, Cincinnati and St. Louis R	4 ⅝
10 do do	4½
22 Union Pacific Railroad	101
187 do	100½

MARRIAGES.

In this city, Nov. 29th, by Rev. Dr. T. R. Lambert, Robert Clark to Ang sta E. Crawford, both of this city.

In this city, Nov. 30th, by Rev. Henry W. Foote, Edward Avis to Anne, daughter of Charles T. Hubbard, Esq.

In this city, Dec. 1st, by Rev. R. S. Sanderson, Alexander Grant to Calista Gilmer, both of this city.

In this city, Dec. 3d, by Rev. W. W. Downs, Granville Leslie of this city to Emily Harris of Lexington.

In Boston Highlands, Nov. 30th, by Rev. George Whitaker of Somerville, Richard S. Lambert of Boston to Kate M. Whittier of Somerville.

In Charlestown, Nov. 30 h by Rev. A. S. Twombly, Mr. George S anwood to Mrs. Bessie G. Greenleaf, both of Boston.

In Somerville, Nov. 29th, by Rev. C. W. Biddle, Charles E. Gardner of Hyde Park to Harriet M. Cook of Somerville.

In Malden, Nov. 29th, by Rev. Jesse Wagner, Lemuel B. Smith to Clara V. Palmer, both of Malden.

In Sturbridge, Nov. 29th, by Rev. M. L. Richardson, Francis J. Perry of Boston to Jane A. Hooker of Sturbridge.

In Milford, Mass., Nov. 30th, by Rev. J. J. Lewis, William R. Adair to Ada A. Skinner, both of Milford.

In Revere, Nov. 29th, at the residence of the bride's mother, Mr. John B. Dearborn of Boston to Miss S. Hattie Eaton of Revere.

In Paris, France, Nov. 28th, by Rev. Dr. Hitchcock of the American Chapel, Frank E. Elwell of Concord, Mass., to Nina M. Hildreth, daughter of the late Hon. A. E. Hildreth of Cambridge, Mass.

In Provincetown, Nov. 30th at the residence of the bride's parents by Rev. Mr. Babbitt, Samuel M. Winslow of Boston to Clara E. Marston.

In Cambridge, Nov. 30th, by Rev L. C. Walden of Boston, Robert C. Booker of Cambridge to Charlotte A. Hallon of Albany, N. Y.

DEATHS.

In this city, Dec. 3d, Bartholomew W. Worley, 80 years 10 months.

In this city, Nov. 27th, Lydia Deblois, wife of John B. Debois, 71 years.

In Cambridge, Nov. 28th, Emery Bemis, 82 years 6 months 20 days.

In Milton, Nov. 24th, John J. Clapp, 84 years 10 months.

In Medford, Nov. 26th, Everett Newhall, 62 years 6 months.

In Taunton, Nov. 26th, Mrs. Mary Caffrey, 63 yrs.

In New Bedford, Nov. 25th, Rev. Gardner Dean, 68 years.

In Pepperell, Nov. 27th, Samuel P. Lewis, 81 yrs.

In Natick, Nov. 27th, Josie, son of J. H. and S. B. Ashburn, 11 years 9 months.

In West Roxbury, Nov. 29th, Capt. Enoch Wood, 85 years 10 months.

In Worcester, Nov. 28th, Mrs. Ruth, wife of Charles Fuller, 84 years.

In Worcester, Nov. 27th, Asa Twiss, 78 years 3 months.

In Kingston, Mass., Nov. 29th, George T. Adams, 62 years 1 month.

In Malden, Nov. 30th, Elizabeth H. Lord, widow of the late J. P. Lord, 63 years 7 months.

In Penfield, Dec. 1st, Aaron Gage, 78 years 1 month 4 days.

In West Newton, Dec. 4th, Hannah R., wife of George B. Wilbur.

In Dedham, Dec. 3d, Francis Guild, 81 years 2 months 5 days.

In Lincoln, Dec. 3d, Elisha Mowry, son of the late Ahab Mowry, Esq., 81 years 10 months.

In Stamford, Conn., Dec. 1st, Phebe, widow of Capt. Frederick A. Wing, 83 years.

In Roxbury, Dec. 1st, James F. Foster, 76 years 8 months.

In Winchester, Mass., Nov. 29th, Luther Burnham, only son of Dea. Luther and Martha J. Richardson, 38 years 11 months.

In Greenwood, Nov. 30th, Henry T. Johnson.

☞ (1.) "The Salvation Army in England, by One Who Knows It." (2.) "The Story of John Pounds, the Founder of Ragged Schools," by the Minister of his Church (3.) "American Bards of Mercy, and other Bits," by the Reverend Dr. (4.) "Sketches of English Life and Character." English and American papers describe the Lectures of Mr. Timmins as "Masterly." "Intensely interesting," "Able and Eloquent." The Rev. Thos. Timmins, of England, is prepared to give Lectures on the above Subjects. Terms to suit. Address, or call at 96 Prescott St., Boston, Mass. "Note the advertisement of the eloquent preacher, Rev. Mr. Timmins. The topics and speaker must command attention."—[Dr. Emerson, Editor of Christian Leader.

"Mr. Timmins is a finished speaker, apt in illustration, and at times very eloquent. He holds his audience throughout the entire delivery of and refers by his able and masterly presentation of the subject."—[Gen. Notes, Editor of the Massachusetts Ploughman, and T. W. Bicknell, Editor of the Journal of Education. oct21 4t

☞ A fire, originating from a cigar stump in a barn in Saturday destroyed the house and portion of Pittsburg, 20 miles north of Vincennes Ind., and burned all the records, books and papers of the city govern ment. Loss, $40,000.

"BUCHUPAIBA."

Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Diseases. $1. Druggists. mch11-y

Domestic Markets.

BOSTON PRODUCE MARKET.

Wholesale Prices.

Beans.—Market quiet. Yellow-eyes are scarce and rather high. Western quiet and large handpicked pea beans sell at $2 65@2 70; small do at $2 60@2 90, and screened do at $2 50@2 60. Medium, screened, at $2@2 85, and handpicked do at $2 70@2 75; choice improved yellow eyes at $3 20@3 25; old-fashioned yellow eyes at $3 10@3 15, and red kidneys at $3 0@3 25. Canada peas are steady at $1 40@1 10 ₱ bush for common roasting and $1 25@1 30 for choice. Split peas are unchanged at $6 00@6 25 ₱ bbl, with green peas at $1 40@1 50 ₱ bush for choice Western, and $1 20@1 30 for Northern.

Seeds.—Market dull, and prices steady. Western quoted as follows: Timothy, fair to good at $1 85@1 90; prime at $2 00@2 05; choice at $2 30@2 35; Western clover at 9½@10c ₱ lb, Northern at 10½@11c ₱ lb; New Jersey red-top at $4 00, and Western do at $4 00 ₱ sack; millet is at $1 00 ₱ bush; German do at $1 25.

Fruit.—Demand moderate, and prices fairly sustained. We quote good cooking apples at $2 00@2 50 ₱ bbl; Baldwins at $2 75@3 00. Evaporated apples are in good supply at 10@11c ₱ lb. Northern and Eastern sliced and quartered unchanged at 6@7c ₱ lb, and North Carolina sliced at 8@9c ₱ lb. We quote lemons at $2 50@3 00 ₱ box; Valencia oranges at $6@7 ₱ case, and Florida do at $3 50@4 50. Bananas are in light supply. Aspinwall bananas are selling at $2 00@2 50 ₱ bunch, and Baracoa do at $1 50@2 00.

Truck.—Prices are steady. We quote cranberries at $9 00@11 00 for country, and 12 00@ 13 00 for Cape; Jersey sweet potatoes at $2 00@2 50 ₱ 100; beets at $1 00 ₱ bush; turnips at 30@ 50 a d carrots at 50@75c ₱ bush; squash at $25@40 ₱ bbl; marrow, $40 00@45 00 for Hubbard; Western onions at $1 75 ₱ bbl.

Potatoes.—Market quiet and prices are unsettled. We quote hulls, stock at 70@80c for Northern and Eastern, according to quality; Norfolk sweets at $2 00 ₱ bbl, Richmond at $2 25 and New Jerseys at $2 75.

Hay.—Market dull, and choice stock is firmly held. We quote choice prime hay at $17 0 to 18 00 ₱ ton; medium and ordinary at $15; poor at $12@13, and Eastern swale at $9; rye straw at $14@15, and oat straw at $9 @10 ₱ ton.

Poultry.—Demand moderate, and prices about the same. We quote green geese at 15@ 17c; duck at 18@20c; fresh killed chickens at 18@20c; choice fresh killed fowls at 15@ 17c; fair to good do at 13@14c; frozen stock sold to a fair extent. Northern and Eastern swale at 12@13c; Western turkeys at 15@18c for Philadelphias, and 13@15c for Boston. Black ducks at $1 75@2 00 ₱ pair; green do at $1 50@1 75; Hungarian partridges at 75c@$1 00 ₱ pair, natives higher and quail at $1 75 ₱ doz; grouse at $1 10@ 1 25 ₱ pair.

BOSTON PROVISION MARKET.

Pork and Lard.—Market quiet at the decline of last week, and prices are without change. We quote long cut mess at $22 50@ 22 00 ₱ bbl; short cut at $23 00@23 50; backs at $23 50@24 00; lean ends at $22 50@23 mess at $19 50; prime mess at $20 0@20 50, extra prime pork at $17 00@18 00. Lard remains quiet at 12½@13c ₱ lb in tierces; 13@ 13c in 10-lb pails; 13½@13¾c in 5-lb pails, and 13¾@13¾c ₱ lb in 3-lb pails. Smoked hams are selling at 13½@

THE CONGREGATIONALIST.

—1883—

THE BEST FAMILY PAPER.

NO other religious journal in the world employs a larger editorial force than the *Congregationalist*. Besides the members of our staff in the home office at Boston, we are represented in New York by REV. A. H. CLAPP, D.D., and in Chicago by REV. SIMEON GILBERT, D.D., the latter giving his entire time to the work. Our contributors include many of the best writers in the country. While aiming to represent specially the denomination which its name indicates, the *Congregationalist* is broad and catholic in spirit, as well as truly national in its scope, and will be found welcome in all evangelical families, with little reference to denominational lines. We cover a great variety of topics, and our facilities for making an attractive and valuable paper for 1883 are greatly increased as compared with the past. It should be remembered that the following announcement, with its names, covers but a small part of our plans for the year, new features and new writers being introduced from time to time.

We are specially authorized to announce REV. EDWARDS A. PARK, D.D., and REV. RICHARD SALTER STORRS, D.D., as contributors to our columns upon topics of fresh interest.

Theological and Devotional Articles.

The following are among the many names of those who furnish theological and devotional articles:

Rev. Austin Phelps, D.D., Rev. William M. Taylor, D.D., Pres. Samuel C. Bartlett, D.D., Rev. J. L. Withrow, D.D., James William Kimball, Rev. Henry M. Grout, D.D., Rev. E. Paxton Hood, Rev. A. J. F. Behrends, D.D., Prof. William M. Barbour, D.D., Bishop F. D. Huntington, D.D., Rev. John Hall, D.D., Pres. Joseph F. Tuttle, D.D., Rev. Mark Hopkins, D.D., Prof. Hugh M. Scott, Ph.D., Rev. Samuel Wolcott, D.D., Prof. James T. Hyde, D.D., Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster, Rev. Wolcott Calkins, Mrs. C. L. Goodell, Sarah B. May, Rev. George L. Walker, D.D., Rev. Constans L. Goodell, D.D., Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D., Rev. Alonzo H. Quint, D.D., Rev. Andrew F. Peabody, D.D., Rev. Frederick A. Noble, D.D., Rev. Charles T. Collins, Rev. James M. Whiton, Ph.D., Rev. J. G. Johnson, D.D., Rev. Matthew B. Riddle, D.D.

Sketches and Stories.

In view of the protracted length of most serials, we have decided to use this season, for the most part, sketches which shall be complete in a single number, such evidently being more acceptable to our readers. Among those who furnish this class of matter for our columns are the following:

Rose Terry Cooke, Rev. William M. Baker, D.D., Mrs. Jane D. Chaplin, "Marion Harland," Mrs. Marie B. Williams, "Susan Coolidge," Sarah O. Jewett, Louise Chandler Moulton, Noah Brooks, "Lynde Palmer," Mrs. Helen P. Barnard, "Pansy," J. T. Trowbridge, Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Rebecca Harding Davis, Mrs. M. F. Butts, Mrs. Annie A. Preston.

The Great Religious Denominations.—Six Eminent Theologians.

The Presbyterians . . . By Rev. Edwin F. Hatfield, D.D.
The Baptists . . . By Pres. E. G. Robinson, D.D., LL.D.
The Episcopalians . . . By Rt. Rev. Frederick D. Huntington, D.D.
The Methodists and Free-Will Baptists . . . By writers to be announced.
The Congregationalists . . . By Rev. Alonzo H. Quint, D.D.

Jonathan Edwards . . . By Prof. William S. Tyler, D.D.
President Dwight . . . By Prof. Timothy Dwight, D.D.
Edward Payson . . . By Rev. George L. Prentiss, D.D.
Nathaniel Emmons . . . By Rev. Mortimer Blake, D.D.
William Ellery Channing . . . By Rev. Andrew P. Peabody, D.D.
Albert Barnes . . . By Prof. Austin Phelps, D.D.

Reading, Libraries, and Education.

American College Customs. Three papers. They will include: Athletics, College Games, College Societies, etc. . . . By Prof. Geo. F. Fisher, D.D.
Public Libraries . . . By Mrs. Abbe
Reading for Boys and Girls . . . By Rev. Albert E. Dunning.
Pernicious Literature in College Libraries . . . By Rev. Frank E. Clark.
The State and Religious Education . . . By Pres. Julius H. Seelye, D.D.
Papers on various Educational topics . . . By Pres. P. A. Chadbourne, LL.D.
Reading "with the Understanding"; Ignorance a Duty; Sensational Novels and Crime; Sensational Novels and their Young Readers. Four articles. By Rev. James M. Hubbard.

Poetical Contributors.

Rev. S. W. Duffield, D.D., Harriet McEwen Kimball, Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr, Charlotte Fiske Bates, Prof. W. C. Richards, Susan Marr Spalding, Mrs. Mary B. Dodge, Rev. Ray Palmer, D.D., Lucy Larcom, A. D. F. Randolph, "Eleanor Kirk," Rev. Increase N. Tarbox, D.D., Caroline B. Le Row, Dora Read Goodale, "Susan Coolidge," Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster, Mrs. Anne Gaskell, Josephine Pollard, Nora Perry, Hezekiah Butterworth, Edgar Fawcett.

Other Writers for the Congregationalist.

Pres. Noah Porter, D.D., Rev. G. D. H. Hepworth, D.D., Benjamin Vaughan Abbott, Rev. James Robinson, D.D., Hon. Schuyler Colfax, Pres. William W. Patton, D.D., Rev. Howard Crosby, D.D., Rev. R. R. Meredith, D.D., Rebecca Perley Reed, Rev. Jonathan E. Rankin, D.D., Rev. Edward Abbott, Rev. Leonard W. Bacon, D.D., Rev. Henry M. Ladd, D.D., Pres. Daniel C. Gilman, LL.D., Rev. A. F. Beard, D.D., Prof. J. Wesley Churchill, Rev. P. Wolcott Cleveland, Rev. Alexander H. Rice, Rev. William L. Gage, D.D., Rev. Adolphus F. Schauffler, Rev. Nelson Bigelow, Rev. Malcolm McG. Dana, D.D., Rev. Frank E. Clark, Prof. Edward A. Benner, Rev. Arthur Little, D.D., Hon. Neal Dow, Rev. Edwin P. Parker, D.D., Rev. A. H. Rose, D.D., Mrs. Helen C. Knight, Rev. Abbott E. Kittredge, D.D., Rev. Alfred H. Plumb, D.D., Rev. Francis N. Peloubet, Rev. J. M. Sturtevant, Jr., D.D., J. B. T. Marsh, Mrs. Jennie A. Froiseth, Hon. E. Henry Emery, Rev. James M. Whiton, Ph.D., Rev. J. G. Johnson, D.D., Rev. James G. Merrill.

Specially Valuable Articles.

Uncertainties of Science; Exaggeration of the Issues between Science and Religion; True and False Agnosticism; Some of the Foundations that Science cannot Shake. Four articles. By Prof. G. Frederick Wright.
Business Success and Fidelity to Christ. Four articles. By a Boston Minister.
Clerks . . . By Rev. Abbott E. Kittredge, D.D.
Intellect in the Modern Pulpit; Massachusetts and the Quakers. By Prof. Austin Phelps, D.D.
Church Music . . . By Rev. Joseph T. Duryea, D.D.
Landmarks of Life, with Historical Illustrations; Reminiscences of Times that Tried Men's Souls. Two articles . . . By Hon. Schuyler Colfax.
Household Taste—The Influence of Color; Form. Two articles . . . By Prof. Walter Smith.
Our English Speech . . . By Mrs. Abby Sage Richardson.
A Calm Man's Experience in his Coffin . . . By "Herbert Newbury."
Voice and Expression in Sacred Oratory . . . By Prof. J. Wesley Churchill.
Practical and Unpractical Socialism vs. Labor Reform. Recent Sunday Questions; Will-Making; The Evils of Conflicting Divorce Laws. Five articles. By Benjamin Vaughan Abbott.
Short Practical Articles on Health and Disease . . . By a Boston Physician.

Articles and Sketches on Foreign Topics.

A Carlote Trip in Norway; Russian Orphan Asylums; Peabody Homes and other London Charities; Literary London; Woman's Philanthropic Work in London. Six articles.
Land Agitations in Europe; The Ex-Empress Eugenie; Princely Pensions in England; The Future of Egypt. Four articles . . . By George M. Towle.
London and Paris (or English, French, Swiss, and German Railways—The Common Prices of European Travel; England and the Continent. Four articles . . . By Rev. Edward Abbott.

Children's Articles.

Peaceful Thoughts; Peaceful Feelings; Peaceful Words; Peaceful Actions. Four articles. By Rev. Richard Newton, D.D.
A Myriad Miles in America. Six articles describing a trip to the Pacific coast. By Ernest Ingersoll.
A Camel Ride in the Desert; A River Journey in China. The Moon; Working Like Beavers. By Col. T. W. Knox. By Frank A. Hill.

OTHER WRITERS FOR CHILDREN:

Prof. W. B. Dwight, Amanda B. Harris, Rev. Edward A. Rand, P. B. Shillaber, Sarah P. Brigham, S. G. W. Benjamin, Mrs. W. F. Crafts, Mrs. S. G. B. Samuels, "Sophie May," C. C. Coffin, Emily Huntington Miller, Prof. W. A. Mowry, Ph.D., Mrs. C. M. Bradford, Prof. H. W. Parker, Mrs. Clara Doty Bates.

Besides its editorial and contributed articles, the *Congregationalist* presents a great variety of matter, including News from the Churches, careful Reviews of all new books of importance, Literary Notes, New York, Chicago, and Washington Letters, Notes from Abroad, Puzzles, Farm and Garden, Household, Scientific, Humorous, Educational, and Diary of Public Events.

Price $3.00 per Year. Send a postal card for a full statement of premium offers, and of *reduced rate to clubs of five subscribers.*

W. L. GREENE & CO.,
No. 1 SOMERSET ST., BOSTON.

READ AND RUN.

—A petition has been filed for the next Legislature, for an act of incorporation as the Cape Cod Ship Canal Company, with a capital not exceeding four million dollars.

—Mrs. Charlotte Carpenter, who became the wife of Walter Scott, wrote before marriage that she did not approve of reflecting, and bade adieu to all thoughts, for she meant to have a good time.

—In his brief new preface to a fresh edition of the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," Dr. O. W. Holmes makes this deprecatory observation; "The world could spare every human being who was living when the first sentence of these papers was written; its destinies would be safe in the hands of the men and women of twenty-five years and under."

—It was long ago that the people of Cape Cod, who are fond of nicknames, called inhabitants of Nantucket scrap-eaters, because they had a habit of eating the crisp scraps or tried bits of whale blubber.

—The new suspension bridge across the Niagara River is to be completed by September 1, 1883.

—A distinguished London physician thinks that the days for teaching by means of lectures are passed, now that books are easily accessible.

—Spain presents the largest national mortality, according to statistics. In Oviedo the deaths are 100 per 1000, and in Madrid 400 per 1000. The principal factors given in this marvellous death-rate are poor alimentation and a lack of the use of water. There are thousands and thousands of the people who have not washed since they were born.

—A little more than four years ago the City of Glasgow Bank failed, causing widespread ruin in Scotland and a panic in the money market. By a very recent report, it is stated that the liquidation of the bank is completed, and that every penny due has been paid to the creditors.

—The transit of Venus across the sun's disc, which occurred on Wednesday, was observed by eager astronomers in various parts of the world.

—Boston got its name from the incident of the arrival here, in 1634, of John Cotton, who was vicar of St. Botolph.

—In the royal speech which prorogued parliament, it is admitted that the material decline of the excise returns will have to be replaced in some manner, and that will probably be either a higher income tax or an increased rate on imported wines.

—Astronomers lose fewer nights and photographers fewer days in this country than in any country of Europe.

—The British parliament has been prorogued until February 15th.

—The floods on the river Rhine and its confluents are so far subsided as to permit the resumption of communication.

—The Duke of Edinburg has been promoted to the rank of vice-admiral in the British navy.

—Dr. Bliss is dissatisfied with the small sum awarded him for his professional services in Presidnet Garfield's case, and will refuse to accept the sum tendered him by the Congressional board of audit.

—At the risk of their lives, the life-saving service at Provincetown, on Sunday last, rescued the crew of the schooner Oliver Ames of Taunton, which was aground on the outer bar at Provincetown.

—The Garfield board of audit awarded $38,860 92, of which the doctors received $57,500. Congress appropriated $57, 500 with which to pay all claims.

—A new Indian policy is suggested by Gen. Sheridan. There are 347 Crow Indians, who occupy a reservation of 6,000,000 acres. He recommends that the government give 80 acres to each head of a family, and buy the remainder at half a dollar per acre, the price to be invested in government bonds and the income devoted to the support of the tribe.

—According to existing arrangements, the merchants of Boston must have their letters in the mail by half-past three o'clock in the afternoon, in order to ensure their delivery at an early hour in New York the next day.

—Mr. Parnell appears to be still the leader of the Irish, though the situation is greatly confused. He and the revolutionists, like David and Dillon, do not agree at all.

—The heads of the different departments succeeded very well in having their annual reports from the public this year until the meeting of Congress, but it is hardly considered to be the best way, for nothing is really gained by it. The object should be, in this country, official etiquette aside, to diffuse public information among the people in the most thorough manner, and at the very time when they are most prepared to receive it.

—Dr. Carpenter, a distinguished English scientist, who is engaged in delivering a course of lectures before the Royal Institution of London, on Sunday afternoon lectured in Tremont Temple by invitation of a number of our prominent citizens, on "The Physiology of Alcoholism."

—It was Gen. Schenck, then chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means in the House who said on the floor in relation to the treatment of a tariff bill of which he had the charge, that it had been nibbled to death by pismires; and on this expression being objected to by members, he substitued the assertion that it had been kicked to death by grasshoppers.

—The new penal code in reference to the observance of the Sabbath went into operation in New York last Sunday, when some three hundred arrests were made for violation of the law.

—Gayton McMichael, editor of the Philadelphia North American, has been appointed by the President, marshal of the District of Columbia in place of Marshal Henry removed.

—The present indications are said to be that this short session of Congress will be a laborious one.

—Robert C. Winthrop has returned home from Europe.

—Twenty-eight buildings are in the course of construction on Commonwealth Avenue in this city.

—Diptheria, scarlet fever, and typhoid fever are reported from various quarters to the board of health.

—Our slow mails to and from New York are most justly complained of.

—Strangely enough, as it has been said, the whiskey men warmly coincide with the masses in wanting whiskey to be taxed heavily.

—The Governors-elect of both New York and Pennsylvania, Cleveland and Pattison, positively decline to have any military display over their coming inauguration.

—The London Lancet warns all travellers of the dangers which it says attend a lengthened stay in an American or a Canadian hotel. This is in consequence mainly of the defectiveness of the plumbing arrangements.

—Prof. Wiggins of Canada writes a letter to President Arthur to announce that a great storm will occur in March next, and, among other happenings, that the New England States will suffer greatly from storms and floods. A good many people, who would rather be otherwise than we therein, would very much like to be able to look ahead as long as that.

—Mines is now set down ans as being good for a murder ays

☞ The wonders of modern chemistry are apparent in the beautiful Diamond Dyes. All kinds and colors of Ink can be made from them.

—The Archbishop of Canterbury, the Primate of England, died last Sunday morning.

☞ Ayer's Sarsaparilla acts directly and promptly, to purify and enrich the blood, improve the appetite, strengthen the nerves, and brace up the system. It is in the truest sense an *alterative* medicine. Every invalid should give it a trial.

☞ The schooner Oliver Ames, from the Kennebec River for Baltimore, with ice, was wrecked at Provincetown, Mass., Sunday. The crew were saved.

LADY BEAUTIFIERS.—Ladies, you cannot make fair skin, ro-y cheeks, and sparkling eyes with all the cosmetic-o France or be-guiles-of the world, while poor health and nothing will give you such rich blood, good health, strength and beauty as Hop Bitters. A trial is certain proof.

☞ Oscar and Michael, aged respectively 10 and 14 years, sons of Adolph Ludwig, were drowned Saturday evening at Taunton, Mass., while skating.

☞ Agents can grasp a fortune. Outfit worth $10 sent free. For full particulars address E. G. RIDOUT & Co., 10 Barclay St. N. Y. nov12 52t

☞ Albert Seabury was found murdered on Shawsone Beach, R. I., on Saturday. The owner of the property is suspected.

"ROUGH ON RATS."
Clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, ants, bedbugs, skunks, chipmunks, gophers. 15c. Druggists. mch11-y

☞ While playing on ice in the Delaware River, near Port Jervis, N. Y., Saturday, two boys named Decker and Classen broke through and were drowned.

SKINNY MEN.
"Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia, Impotence, Sexual Debility $1. mch11-

50 most elegant Chromos ever issued, for 10 cents, with name. Agents can make 50 per cent. Samples 15c.
W. G. KIMBERLY, Bridgeport, Ct. nov25-lt

HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

Palmer, Bachelder & Co.

Invite attention to their

Presentation Silver Ware,
French Clocks and Bronzes,
Bisque Figures, Flower Vases,
Jardinieres, Fruit Bowls,
Baking Dishes, Table Cutlery.

PALMER, BACHELDER & CO.,
394 WASHINGTON STREET,
dec2-2t BOSTON.

Lincoln Reads a Poem.

Honest Old Abe Entertains his Cabinet with a Little Quotation.

"Now, gentlemen, you all have more or less poetry in your souls; listen to this," said Abraham Lincoln, then President, rose from his chair, in his office in the White House, and read, in trembling tones, with childlike pathos and appreciation of it, Dr. O. W. Holmes' "Last Leaf," of which the following are two verses:

"They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning knife of time
Cut him down;
Not a better man was found
By the crier in his round
Through the town.

Now the mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he had pressed
In their bloom;
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb."

Mr. Michael Gulfoyle, of Binghamton, N. Y., is not as old as the venerable Boston citizen of whom the poet wrote with such tender pathos, yet he is more than three score and ten. "For the past eight of these years," he writes, "I have been a perfect cripple from rheumatism, hobbling about as best I could with my cane. I took PARKER'S GINGER TONIC, *and am now supple and strong as a gymnast. There is no trace of the disease left about me.*"

Mr. R. W. Mosher, wholesale druggist, of Binghamton, writes: Messrs. HISCOX & Co., of New York —Proprietors of the Tonic—certifying to Mr. Gulfoyle's declaration.

Having all the properties of *any* preparation of ginger, PARKER'S GINGER TONIC is a remedy of infinitely greater range and power. It cures all diseases arising from an impure state of the blood or imperfect digestion. Dyspepsia and all its consequences), Malarial Fever-, Sick Headache, Kidney troubles, Bronchitis, and common Coughs and Colds, vanish at its touch. Prices, 50 cents and $1 a bottle. Larger size the cheaper. jly3-sow4t

THE
Springfield Republican,

Weekly Edition.

THE NEW ENGLAND NEWSPAPER,

A Comprehensive, Progressive, Independent Journal,

DEVOTED TO
News, Politics, Literature, Social Interests and General Affairs.

An Admirable Weekly Review of American Life.

[Established in 1824 by Samuel Bowles.]

THE WEEKLY SPRINGFIELD REPUBLICAN is a convenient quarto sheet, covering a choice selection of the best features of THE DAILY and SUNDAY REPUBLICAN, with re-written and carefully classified summaries and considerable original matter.

Among its principal contents are:—

NEWS OF THE WEEK—A page of Editorial Note and Comment and compact review of the general news of the week.

LOCAL AND STATE INTELLIGENCE—A pare summary of the news of Springfield, Western Massachusetts and all the New England States.

NEWS-LETTERS from Washington, New York and Boston by well-informed observers; also occasional correspondence from contributors in other centres of the country and in Europe.

A WEEKLY REVIEW of the doings of Congress and the Massachusetts Legislature during their sessions by our special reporters.

EDITORIALS—From one to two pages of thought ful articles on political, social, scientific and religious subjects by able and independent writers.

LITERATURE—Frequent literary letters from a well-known correspondent, with reviews, notices and literary news from other sources.

ENTERTAINING SHORT STORIES, original or selected, choice bits of poetry, a column or more of carefully prepared Religious Intelligence; Various entertaining Miscellany gleaned from the richest fields, etc.

AN AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT containing valuable special articles by well-known writers, and the latest interesting matter.

MONEY AND BUSINESS Matters and Markets; New England Births, Marriages and Deaths.

The Weekly Republican is thus a valuable general newspaper for the family, for the farmer and for the active business or professional man who cannot keep pace with detailed daily issues, and especially for New Englanders at home and abroad.

SUBSCRIPTION: Four cents a copy; 75 cents for six months; $1.50 a year; in clubs of 10 or more $1.2 a copy, one year.

A Special Cash Commission Allowed to Postmasters and others Acting as Local Agents.

Specimen copies sent free on application,—and all subscriptions payable strictly in advance.

ADDRESS
THE REPUBLICAN,
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
dec6-1t

Remember This.

If you are sick Hop Bitters will surely aid Nature in making you well when all else fails. If you are costive or broken in health, or suffering from any other cause of disease of the stomach or bowels, it is your own fault if you remain ill, for Hop Bitters are a sovereign remedy in all such cases.

If you are wasting away with any form of Kidney disease, stop tempting Death at this moment, and turn for a cure to Hop Bitters.

If you are sick with that terrible shaking Nervousness, you will find a "Balm in Gilead" in the use of Hop Bitters.

If you are a mother, daughter, or a resident of a miasm tic district, barricade your system against the scourge of all countries—malarial, epidemic, bilious, and intermittent fevers—by the use of Hop Bitters.

If you have rough, pimply, or sallow skin bad breath, pains and aches, and feel miserable generally, Hop Bitters will give you fair skin, rich blood, and sweet breath, health, and comfort.

In short they cure all Diseases of the stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Nerves, Kidneys, Bright's Disease. $500 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help.

The poor, bedridden, invalid wife, sister, mother, or daughter, can be made the picture of health, by a few bo tles Hop Bitters, costing but a trifle. Will you let them suffer? sep 15-y

KIDNEY-WORT
THE GREAT CURE
FOR
RHEUMATISM
As it is the only remedy that acts on all the KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BOWELS.
It cleanses the system of the acrid poison that causes the dreadful suffering which only the victims of Rheumatism can realize.
THOUSANDS OF CASES
of the worst forms of this terrible disease have been quickly relieved, and in short time PERFECTLY CURED.
PRICE, $1. LIQUID OR DRY, SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.
Dry can be sent by mail.
WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington, Vt.
KIDNEY-WORT
aug26-sowy (rm)

PATENT FOR SALE CHEAP.
PATENT PROCESS
FOR
CHANGING THE BEARING YEARS
OF FRUIT TREES, without injury to the tree, will be sold in part, or whole For particulars address Box 357, Watertown, Mass.
dec9-3t

THE GOLDEN RULE.

THIS bright, readable weekly can be had for one year for $2 00 or for six months for $1.00. TRY IT. Send money to GOLDEN RULE PUBLISHING COMPANY, 13 Congress St., Boston, Mass. Please name this paper. dec9-1t

NEW GIFT BOOKS, 1882.

Rock Me to Sleep, Mother.

By MRS. ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN. Illustrated in two styles of binding, by S. Church E. H. Garrett, S. G. McLuchean, and George T. Andrew. 1 vol., small quarto, cloth, full gilt, $1.50. Full morocco, or full tree mas bind calf, $5.00.

Schiller's Song of the Bell.

With 24 illustrations by Alexander Liezen, Mayer and Edmund H. Garrett. Engraved by George T. Andrew and others. This volume is the second of a series entitled "Songs from the Great Poets," and uniform with **Song of the Brook.** 1 vol., small quarto, cloth, full gilt, $1.50. Full morocco, or full tree mas bind calf, $5.00.

Picturesque American Scenery.

A series of fine steel engravings, with descriptive text by N. P. WILLIS and others, and 60 cuts from popular poets. 1 vol., large quarto, cloth, bevelled and full gilt, $3 75.

Picturesque European Scenery.

Beautiful landscape and other views of picturesque scenes of the old world, reproduced in fine woodcuts by the best artists. 1 vol., large quarto, cloth, bevelled and full gilt, $3.75.

Sold by all Booksellers & Newsdealers.
Sent Postpaid on receipt of price, by
ESTES & LAURIAT,
Publishers, Boston.
dec9-1t

YOUNG MEN LEARN TELEGRAPHY. It gives profitable employment the year round. We guarantee to furnish good situation. Write for particulars OBERLIN TELEGRAPH CO., Oberlin, Ohio. dec9-4t

Yours for Health
Lydia E. Pinkham

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S
VEGETABLE COMPOUND,
Is a Positive Cure
For all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.
A Medicine for Woman. Invented by a Woman. Prepared by a Woman.
The Greatest Medical Discovery Since the Dawn of History.
IT revives the drooping spirits, invigorates and harmonizes the organic functions, gives elasticity and firmness to the step, restores the natural lustre to the eye, and plants on the pale cheek of woman the fresh roses of life's spring and early summer time.
Physicians Use It and Prescribe It Freely.
It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulant, and relieves weakness of the stomach. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.
LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S BLOOD PURIFIER will eradicate every vestige of Humors from the Blood, and give tone and strength to the system, of man woman or child. Insist on having it.
Both the Compound and Blood Purifier are prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price of either, $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, or of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Enclose 3ct. stamp. Send for pamphlet.
No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness, and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.
Sold by all Druggists. (1)

SHARP PAINS Cricks, Sprains, Wrenches, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Pleurisy Pains, Stitch in the Side, Slow Circulation of the Blood, Heart Diseases, Sore Muscles, Pain in the Chest, and all pains and aches either local or deep-seated are instantly relieved and speedily cured by the well-known *Hop Plaster*, compounded, as it is, of the medicinal virtues of fresh Hops, Gums, Balsams and Extracts. It is indeed *the best* pain-killing, stimulating, soothing and strengthening Plaster ever made. Ask for the *Hop Plaster* at any drug store. Price 25 cents or five for $1. Hop Plaster Co., Proprietors, CARTER, HARRIS & HAWLEY, Gen'l Ag'ts, Boston, Mass.
HOP PLASTER
(1)

HAY AND ROOT CUTTERS!

We call special attention to our Lever and Cylinder

Hay Cutters & Root Cutters.

—ALSO—

CORN SHELLERS

At the Lowest Prices.

All Warranted A1.

WHITTEMORE BROS.,
Nos. 80 and 82 South Market St.,
dec7-1f BOSTON.

CLUB ORDERS.

Ladies canvassing Tea will do well to send for our Premium List. We have premiums to offer for orders from $5 to $50, including Gold Band Tea sets, Watches, Watches, etc., etc. We send out thousands of these orders every month, which is all the evidence we have of any dissatisfaction from those receiving them. If any lady reader of the paper wishes a beautiful Gold Band Tea Set, they will find it to their advantage to send us a postal for further information.

ATLANTIC TEA CO.,
sept23-13t Fitchburg, Mass.

THE
MUSICAL SUCCESS
OF THE SEASON.
MINSTREL SONGS,
OLD AND NEW.

Nearly 100 of those world-famous PLANTATION SONGS and POPULAR MELODIES as sung by the Christy Minstrel Troupes, and of which Dixon & Co. hold the copyrights—a large number.

Mostly original arrangements, and nothing else can be found in this volume than in any other extant.

Of course Foster leads the van, and his SWANEE RIVER, COME HOME cannot be excelled. This statement, however, will be questioned by many, who prefer:

Old Kentucky Home,	OR	Oh, Susannah!
Old Dog Tray,		Old Uncle Ned,
Old Dan Tucker,		Old Cabin Home
Farewell, Lilly Dear,		Dixie Land.

Or the more modern nonsense songs of the Jubilee order, or

Gospel Raft, or Cross Roads,
In the Morning by the Bright Light,
Or the truly beautiful
Lily Dale, Mocking Bird, or Twinkling Stars.

Price $2 Boards. $2 50 Cloth. $3 Fine Gilt.

Mailed anywhere for above prices.
OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston
nov25-tc

AYER'S PILLS.

A large proportion of the diseases which cause human suffering result from derangement of the stomach, bowels, and liver. AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS act directly upon these organs, and are especially designed to cure the diseases caused by their derangement, including Constipation, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Headache, Dysentery, and a host of other ailments, for all of which they are a safe, sure, prompt, and pleasant remedy. The extensive use of these PILLS by eminent physicians in regular practice, shows unmistakably the estimation in which they are held by the medical profession.

These PILLS are compounded of vegetable substances only, and are absolutely free from calomel or any other injurious ingredient.

A Sufferer from Headache writes:

"AYER'S PILLS are invaluable to me, and are my constant companion. I have been a severe sufferer from Headache, and your PILLS are the only thing I could look to for relief. One dose will quickly move my bowels and free my head from pain. They are the most effective and the easiest physic I have ever found. It is a pleasure to me to speak in their praise, and I always do so when occasion offers.

W. L. PAGE, of W. L. Page & Bro."
Franklin St., Richmond, Va., June 3, 1882.

"I have used AYER'S PILLS in numberless instances as recommended by you, and have never known them to fail to accomplish the desired result. We constantly keep them on hand at our home, and prize them as a pleasant, safe, and reliable family medicine. FOR DYSPEPSIA they are invaluable.

J. T. HAYES."
Mexia, Texas, June 17, 1882.

The Rev. FRANCIS HARLOWE, writing from *Atlanta, Ga.*, says: "For some years past I have been subject to constipation, from which, in spite of the use of medicine of various kinds, I suffered increasing inconvenience, until some months ago I began taking AYER'S PILLS. They have entirely corrected the costive habit, and have vastly improved my general health."

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS correct irregularities of the bowels, stimulate the appetite and digestion, and by their prompt and thorough action give tone and vigor to the whole physical economy.

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists. (1)

Queen of South PORTABLE FARM MILLS
For Stock Feed or Meal for Family use.
10,000 IN USE.
Send for Pamphlet.
Simpson, Davis & Co.
Successors to STRAUB MILL CO.
CINCINNATI, O.

THE BEST FAMILY MAGAZINE
Two Dollars.
Demorest's Illustrated Monthly.

Sold by all Newsdealers and Postmasters. Send twenty cents for a specimen copy to W. JENNINGS DEMOREST, Publisher, 17 E. 14th St., New York.

☞ Any new volume (10) commences with November. Send FIFTY CENTS for three months; it will satisfy you that you can subscribe Two Dollars for a year and get ten times it value. nov18-4t

$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly Outfit free. Address TRUE & Co. Portland, Maine. dec1-52t

YOUTH'S COMPANION.

ANNOUNCEMENT, 1883.

A REFERENCE to the contributors announced below will show that nearly all of the most distinguished and popular authors of this country, and many of those of Great Britain, have been engaged as contributors to the COMPANION for the year 1883. The Announcement will be found in many respects, we think, an extraordinary one; but it includes only a part of the features of the volume for the coming year.

Illustrated Serial Stories.

A Serial Story of Boy Life in America, by . . . . . J. T. Trowbridge.
A Serial Story of Boy Life in Great Britain, by . . . . . William Black.
A Serial Story of New England Life, by . . . . . Harriet Beecher Stowe.
A Serial Story for Girls, by . . . . . Harriet Prescott Spofford.
A Serial Story of Southern Life, by . . . . . Marie B. Williams.
Amusing College Stories, by . . . . . Henry A. Gordon.
Stories of Old-Time Poor-Houses, by . . . . . J. D. Chaplin.
Old New England Peddlers' Tales, by . . . . . Wm. A. King.
Tales of the Old Dutch Farmers of New York, by . . . . . Eugene M. Prince.

Reminiscences and Anecdotes.

(Illustrated.)

Yankee Drolleries at Old-Time Fairs and Shows, by . . . James Parton.
Stories of Old-Time Quack Doctors and their Remedies, by . . . Edgar Knowles.
On the Stump. Humorous Anecdotes of Electioneering, Stump Speaking, etc., by . . . Hon. S. S. Cox.
Victor Hugo at Home. A chatty description of the home life of the great poet, by his Private Secretary. . . . . Richard Lesclide.
Word Pictures of the House of Commons. As seen from the Reporters' Gallery, by . . . . . H. W. Lucy.
Brilliant Articles. Reminiscences of Dean Stanley and Picturesque Associations of Westminster Abbey, by . . . . . Canon F. W. Farrar.
The Royal Family of Denmark. Articles of personal anecdote, by the Danish Minister at Washington, ... Hon. Carl Bille.
Great Southern Leaders. A series of articles containing personal reminiscences of Gen. Robert E. Lee, "Stonewall" Jackson, John C. Calhoun, etc., by . . . Hon. Alexander H. Stephens.

Illustrated Travel and Adventure.

A Serial Story of Adventure, by . . . . . C. A. Stephens.
Life in an Irish Fishing Village, by . . . . . Julian Hawthorne.
Tales of Old Ships and Sailors, by . . . . . Capt. F. Luce.
Old Times on the Missouri, by . . . . . A Missourian.
After the Mindanao Pirates in a Dutch Gun-Boat, by . . . . . Lieut. P. F. Grinnell.
Adventures in a Whaling Cruise in the North Pacific, by . . . . . Macomber Brett.
The Fiftieth Tiger. A narrative of Adventure by the Special Correspondent of the *London Telegraph*, ... Phil Robinson.
Child Life and Home Life in Japan. Curious Pictures and Domestic Incidents, by a traveller in that country, ... Prof. E. S. Morse.
Railway Heroes. Thrilling stories of railroad men. Among others will be "The Fireman's Story;" "His Life or Theirs;" "Skip Dustin, the Water Boy," and "Express Messenger Riley," by . . . . . Walter A. Moore.

Special Articles.

Important articles will be given by two of the most distinguished Neurologists in the world, describing Nervous Diseases, showing the ordinary causes of these forms of human suffering, and giving general suggestions as to their treatment. These articles will not be merely technical treatises, but will be enlivened by curious and illustrative anecdotes.
Common Nervous Ailments. A Series of Papers, by . . . . . Dr. Brown-Sequard.
The Short History of a Nervous Man. The Proper Use of the Mind, Hallucinations and Delusions, The Cause of Sleep and Sleeplessness, Somnambulism, etc., by . . . . . Dr. William A. Hammond.

The Help Series.

The Profits of Literary Labor, by . . . . . James Parton.
Salesmen and Saleswomen in City Stores. Their Wages and opportunities, by . . . . . Prof. W. C. Richards.
A Medical Education. How to Choose a College. Advantages of European Study, by . . . . . Charles Vance Elliott.
Girls Who Earn a Living in Art. By the Principal of the Woman's Art School, Cooper Union. . . . . Dr. William A. Hammond.
How to Start. Papers telling how to start in different kinds of business and in trades, with practical details, so that a boy reading these papers may act on them safely. . . . . Susan N. Carter.
What a Technical Education Costs. By the Professor of Engineering of the Institute of Technology, Hoboken. . . . . Robert H. Thurston.

In the Household.

Parlor Experiments in Science. Simple and curious, by . . . . . Prof. W. C. Richards.
Entertainments for Charitable Purposes. Advice and suggestions, by . . . . . George B. Bartlett.
Tableaux with Authors. Directions for Charming Evening Entertainments, by . . . . . Kate Sanborn.
Concerning Floors, Doors, and Windows. Giving the latest ideas as to the decoration of those important features of a home, by . . . . . Janet E. Ruutz-Rees.
Inexpensive Art Furniture. A series of papers showing that a home may be furnished in the best taste without large expenditures, giving details as to cost, etc., by the Curator of the Liverpool Art Museum. . . . . Charles Dyall.

The Editorials of the COMPANION will give clear and impartial views of current events at home and abroad.
The Children's Page sustains its reputation for charming pictures, poems and stories adapted to the little ones.

SPECIAL OFFER.—To any one who subscribes now, and sends us $1.75, we will send the Companion free to January 1st, 1883, and a full year's subscription from that date.

Subscription Price $1.75. Specimen copies free.
Please mention in what paper you read this advertisement.

41 Temple Place. Address, YOUTH'S COMPANION, Boston, Mass.

GRAND CLOSING-OUT SALE!
Great Reduction in Prices.
$100,000 WORTH OF FINE AND MEDIUM
FURNITURE,
OF ALL KINDS AT A GREAT SACRIFICE.

The termination of lease compels us to vacate our Retail Warerooms Jan. 1 and this IMMENSE STOCK M

The Poet's Corner.

A SONG FOR THE SOLDIERS.

[From "The Stones in the Block," by John Boyle O'Reilly.]

What song is best for the soldiers?
Take no heed to the words, nor choose you the style of the story;
Let it burst out from the heart like a spring from the womb of a mountain,
Natural, clear, resistless, leaping its way to the levels;
Whether of love or hate or war or the pathos and pain of affliction;
Whether of manly pluck in the perilous hour, or that which is higher,
And highest of all, the slow bleeding sacrifice,
The giving up of life and its joys for the sake of men and freedom;—

Any song for the soldier that will harmonise with the thrill in the throbs;
For he has laved in the mystical sea by which men are one;
His pulse has throbbed into blinding tune with the vaster anthems
Which God paves on the battle-fields when he sweeps the strings of nations,
And the song of the earth-planet bursts on the silent spheres,
Shot through like the cloud of Ætna with flames of heroic devotion,
And shaded with quivering lines from the mourning of women and children!

Here is a song for the soldier—a song of the Cheyenne Indians,
Of men with soldierly hearts who walked with Death as a comrade
Hush! Let the present fade; let the distance hide; let the last year stand;
We are far to the West, in Montana, on the dead-level plains of Montana;
We ride with the cavalry troopers on the bloody trail of the Cheyennes,
Forty braves of the tribe who have leaped from the reservation
Down on the mining camps in their desecrated valleys,
Down to their fathers' grave and the hunting ground of their people.

Chilled with the doom of Death they gaze on the white men's chevrons;
Ruthless the brute force that has crushed their homes and their manhood,
And rushes the hearts of the Cheyenne brave as they swoop on the camps of the miners!

Back to the hills they dash, with reeking trophies round them;
But swift on their trail the cavalry ride, and their trumpets
Break on the ears of the brave with a threat of on-coming vengeance.

At last they are bayed and barred—corralled in a straight-walled valley,—
The Indians back to the cliffs with the shattered rock as a breastwork,
The soldiers in lined stockades across the mouth of the valley.

Hungrily hiss the bullets, not wasted in random firing,
But every shot for a mark, thrice their number of soldiers
Raking the Cheyenne rocks with spiteless rain of missiles,
One to three in the firing, but every Cheyenne bullet
Tumbles a reckless trooper behind his fence in the stockade.

"God! they are brave!" cried the captain.
"Seven hours we've held them,
Three, at five to one, if you count their dead and their wounded;
Damn them! why don't they yield for the sake of their lives and their wounded?"

But never a siren but flame and the hiss of the leaden defiance
Comes from the Cheyenne braves, though their firing slacks in vigor
To grow to final precision—grim as the cliff above them
They fight their fight, and the valley is lined with death from their rifles.
Cried the captain, "Men, we must charge!" and before the echoes of his boys and their foemen;
"But show them a sign of quarter;" and he swings the flag to the hillside.
That his side is willing to parley; the Indian rode the ensign,
And the captain grasped in his heart as he gives the order for charging.
Terrible settling ready of men who prepare for death—fight:—
Sabbaths are there—the sun aside and belts unstrapped for the striking.
Ominous outward signs of the deadlier inner preparing
When the soul flings danger aside and the human heart its mercy.

Out from the fatal earthworks, their eyes like fire in a cavern,
With naked blades the troopers, and nerves wire-strung for the onset,
When suddenly, up from the rocks, a sign and Lo! from the Cheyennes!

Two tall braves on the rocks—"Re-form!" brave the cavalry trumpet,
And grimly the soldiers return, reluctantly leaving the conflict,
Still on the rocks two forms of bronze, as if prepared for the stormers,
Then down to the field, and behold, they dash toward the wondering troopers!
The soldiers stare at the charge, but no man laughs at the foeman,
Instead of a sneer a tremor at many a mouth in sorrow.
On they come to their death, and standing a fifty paces,
They fire in the face of the squadron, and dash with their knives in the dead-grip!
Fifty rifles give flame, and the breasts of the braves are shattered;
But falling, they plunge toward the fight, and their knives sink deep in the meadow!

"On to the rocks!" and the soldiers have done with their feelings of mercy,
But never a foe to meet them nor a shot from the deadly barrier.
First on the rocks the captain, with a cheer that died as he gave it,
A cheer that was half a groan and a cry of admiration.
Awed stood the troopers who followed, and lowered their swords with their leader,
Homage of brave to the brave, saluting with souls and weapons;
There at their very feet lay the foemen—every man dead on his rifle—
The two who had cheered the troops were the last alive of the Cheyennes!

Ladies' Department.

HER ONE CHANCE: AND HIS.

"There she is," said Dot, as a tall, slight figure with a trailing black dress and a scarlet shawl came around the corner by the lime trees, and walked slowly toward them. "That's Miss Maverick—and, oh, Reginald! she's lovely!"

"Is she?" said Reginald, a little dubiously. "I shouldn't"—but the near approach of the stranger kept back the remainder of his sentence, and with his lowest bow he expressed himself "delighted" at meeting Miss Maverick when Dora introduced him.

"My cousin, Mr. Lanster, Katherine."

Miss Maverick bowed in answer, took a calmly critical survey of the young gentleman, and after saying a few words to him and his companion, walked toward the house.

"So that is Reginald Lanster," she said to herself. "Dot's fate!—lucky little goose!"

"You think she is 'lovely,' do you?" debated Reginald, when the tall figure had passed by. "Not very good taste on your part, I think, Miss Dora?" but, oddly enough, he turned his handsome head and looked after her, for all that.

"What did you say she was, Dot? A music mistress?"

"Yes," answered Dot; "our music teacher at school. When papa was calling the other day to see me she was in the room giving me a lesson. He heard her name and spoke to her, and it came out that he and her father were great friends in early life, and he invited her to come home with me for these holidays. Mr. Maverick was a colonial merchant, or something of that, and affairs got bad with him and he died."

"And so the daughter has to teach music!"

"Yes; such a pity! Such toil it is! And she is so nice!" "Is she?" cried Dot. "I am sorry you do not like her!"

"I did not say I disliked her," contended Reginald, who liked to have everything his own way, conversation included. "How can I like or dislike her, Dot, when I never before set eyes upon her? She is a grand young woman, I concede that, and perhaps will improve upon acquaintance."

"There! Improve!"

Reginald laughed: he was fond of teasing little Dot. She would be eighteen this month, and had some home for good; he was twenty-one. Both of them were wealthy, and according to family plans and projects, in two years more they were to become man and wife.

"Never mind," said Reginald, loftily. "I say she may improve on acquaintance; meanwhile, let us talk of something else." But still when a turn in the path brought the graceful figure, with its scarlet and black draperies into view again, he turned his head and looked at her once more. "She walks well," said he, "like a Spaniard, and they are the most graceful race of women I know."

"How was it you only got here this morning, Reginald?—and are you come to make a long stay?"

"That's as may be," answered Reginald, passing the first query over. "Depends, perhaps, upon how you treat me."

"Oh!" exclaimed Dora. "Why we always treat you well. Papa and mamma are always glad to see you."

"What a dear, simple child it is!" thought the young man, superior in his three years' elder wisdom.

He made better acquaintance with Miss Maverick in the evening. Her dark, oval face looked well by gas light; her eyes were large and lustrous; her heavy black hair, braided in a coronet and destitute of ribbon or ornament of any kind, was a wonder in itself; and although her dress was so plain that, on another woman, it might have seemed almost "dowdy," her tall, graceful figure made it seem a garb fit for a Princess.

Her manner pleased Reginald. She was ladylike, quiet, and dignified; brilliant, too, he found in conversation when he heard her talking with his uncle. Mr. Lanster, a pleasant, well informed man, seemed much struck with her.

"A fine woman," commented Reginald to himself. "I rather admire her." But the "fine woman," apparently ignorant of his kindly feelings, was unapproachable and distant all the evening.

The next day it was the same, and the next, and so on, until at last Reginald Lanster—handsome, petted, conceited fellow that he was—became fairly piqued by the singularly chilly manner of the "poor teacher," toward whom he would have been unusually suave and amiable.

Katherine Maverick, never thinking to offend or slight him, looked upon him as a boy. Little more than a boy was he yet—only twenty one, a handsome, idle, good-natured, good for-nothing boy. He had left college before his time, had come into his property, and felt very much disposed to have a "regular good time" of it. He was made welcome by all; he had been made much of all his life, and he had been falling in and out of love continuously since the remote period when he had first donned a pair of boots.

He had been deeply in love with no less than three young ladies since coming down from college, but when he started on this visit to his uncle's, he made up his mind to devote himself to Dot only during his stay. But he found Dot rather much of a baby, or a schoolgirl, yet. And several days went on.

"Dot is a darling," he said, meditatively, as he strolled down to the beach alone one afternoon, Dot having been borne off to make so e stately "calls," in which Reg flatly refused to participate. "Such a dear, little, kittenish thing, so different from that Miss Maverick. Still she a hardly—Hallo!" for a sudden turn, around a jutting rock caused him almost to fall over a dark-robed lady, who sat there gazing out to sea.

"I am sure I beg your pardon," he said, lifting his hat. "I didn't know you were here."

"The soft dark eyes were turned slowly upon him. "Ah, is it you," she said, with a smile, which made Reg wonder how he had ever thought her plain. "I often come here—I like to watch the sea."

The slender hand drew her dress away slightly from the other end of the rock on which she sat, and Reginald, emboldened by the smile, gallantly asked permission to seat himself beside her.

It was astonishing how quickly they became acquainted, Miss Maverick on the sands alone, and all to himself, was very different to Miss Maverick in company; and Reginald soon found himself talking and laughing with her freely, as though they were quite old friends.

Not until the slanting beams of the sun warned them of the flight of time, did they think of returning homeward, and then, as Miss Maverick, drawing her shawl around her, rose to go, he said, with a boyish directness, which once in a while came to the surface through all his affectations: "I like you a great deal better than I thought I did. I hope I shall have a chance to talk with you again."

"Thanks for the wish," she answered laughing softly, and then they separated, she going slowly toward the house and he waiting behind on the beach to indulge in a cigar, and fall into a wonder thinking.

"By Jove, she's a splendid girl! That little stupid Dot's nothing beside her. I must cultivate my friendship with Miss Maverick. What a shame that she should be a teacher in Dot's school! She's a true lady, if ever there was one."

After that they met often; by accident, as it seemed to Katherine. Sometimes on the beach, or in the shady garden, or in one or other of the quiet rooms of the pretty little house—for this was only Mr. Lanster's seaside residence.

Regy seems to be very studious all on a sudden," observed Mr. Lanster one day. "He doesn't care to go out with us at all; he is always strolling out in solitude with a book."

Alas for Regy's "solitary studies"! The book which accompanied him was generally used as a hassock for Miss Maverick's trim ivy booted feet, and Regy himself was studying quite another volume. Mrs. Lanster was quite right when she invited the teacher to accompany herself and daughter on these visits; the little open carriage held but two besides the coachman, and Regy was sure to find her on the beach or among the rocks. Then, perhaps they had a little study together, that of some seductive book of poetry.

This was all very nice and pleasant; still it was dangerous. Regy had never perfectly well that if the real state of affairs was discovered he would be sent home to his mother in disgrace, and that there would be, as he expressed it, "a row all round," and Miss Maverick suspected that her stay with Mrs. Lanster might be of extremely short duration, should the full extent of her intimacy with the young heir become known.

Both knew this, and yet perhaps this knowledge was partly that which made the situation so pleasant—a spice of danger is always fascinating; and so, as the days passed, Regy found himself doing precisely the thing which he ought not to have done—falling tremendously in love with this fine girl, fathoms deeper than he had ever gone before.

And Katherine Maverick? She laughed at him, petted him, scolded him, and called him a "foolish boy," unconscious that she daily made the net stronger and stronger. She was not a scheming woman, nor a hard-hearted woman, but she was poor and sick to death of her hard life, and perhaps this rendered her less scrupulous than she would have been. Besides, why did they think her not good enough to pay visits with them?—that stung her; why did they leave her alone to Regy's society? If Reginald Lanster saw no fine day asked her to many rides and walks, what prospect it would be! Should she say "Yes?" It seemed to bother one chance of lifting herself out of her undesirable life. One consideration would be a drawback to it, and that was Dot.

The child was so honestly fond of her, she confided all the secrets of her innocent heart to her, and the chiefest of these was about her cousin Regy. Katherine felt conscience-stricken as the girl talked to her on this subject. "I love him so dearly," Dot said one day; "I wouldn't tell any one else in the world but you, you seem like a sister to me, and I know you can be trusted." And thus, with her curly head on her friend's shoulder, she would talk of Regy and herself and of the "some day" which was coming in the future.

One Saturday afternoon, when Mr. Lanster returned from town, he brought with him a friend, Mr. Sarmiento. Dora observed that she supposed it must be a Greek name, as Mr. Sarmiento was a Greek merchant, very rich and powerful. He lived in a beautiful house near town, and had one little girl but no wife, for she was dead. A tall, fine man of some six and thirty years, sensible, well-informed, with a pleasant voice and manner.

He sat next to Katherine at dinner, and seemed grey pleased with her, and was with her afterward during a good part of the evening.

"That's a very nice young woman you have staying with you, Lanster," he remarked to his host when they went out together with their cigars for a stroll the last thing.

"Ay; so I think," warmly replied Mr. Lanster. "You remember Maverick, who was in the colonial trade seven or eight years ago?"

"And made that fiasco in it before he died?"

"Not his fault though. John Maverick was honest as the day."

"His misfortune, then. I dare say it was so. Well, what of him?"

"This is his daughter."

"No!" exclaimed Mr. Sarmiento, in surprise. "His daughter—and teaching in a school?"

"What would you?" quietly returned the host; "Maverick's means died with him—and his wife died of grief soon afterward. The poor girl had nothing left to live upon, so she remained in the school where she was being educated as music mistress, and I fancy—as general drudge."

"Poor girl, indeed! She seems to me to deserve a happier fate," concluded Mr. Sarmiento.

* * * * *

It was Thursday, the sixth day of Mr. Sarmiento's stay. Other visitors also had been coming and going. Most of the leisure time of that gentleman seemed to be devoted to Miss Maverick, when he was not obliged to devote it to others. He certainly enjoyed talking with her, their conversation often turning on her late father and the years gone by. If she went on the beach, he would join her there; if she sat in the shady nooks of the garden, he would be sure to find her. At night she sang the songs he liked and asked for, and she sang very sweetly. Reginald Lanster felt that he should like to drown Mr. Sarmiento.

Reginald had fallen desperately in love with Katherine. He had been in love several times before, but was never, he thought, as much in earnest as now. He wandered about in a torrent of mind inconceivable; partly caused by jealousy, partly by indecision—for he could not quite decide whether to brave his mother and all the Lanster family, and offer Katherine his hand; or whether, to let his love die away by and by, as it had died out for all his former flames.

On this day, Thursday, watching Katherine, his aunt, and one or two more ladies, attended by Mr. Sarmiento, start off to walk to some ruins in the neighborhood, the young man felt especially bitter. "Why don't you come also, Reginald?" called out Mr. Sarmiento, as he ran past him at the door to catch up with the ladies; not, however, waiting for any answer.

"Hang him!" muttered Reginald, considering himself unreasonably ill-used. It was not altogether about Katherine, his grievance; it was on the score of neglect as well. Formerly he was all-in-all in the household; now nothing was cared for but this old Sarmiento.

In a frightful temper he went off to the beach. Dora followed, slipping her hand cousinly fashion, within his arm; all unconscious, poor child, that he no longer saw in her "the sweetest little girl in the world," but an emissary of unkind fortune, whom he could not help showing temper to.

It was hard upon her, altogether hard. Regy put it more strongly and called it, in self-reproach, "very mean." But there appeared to be no help for it, and would not be until that wretch was gone.

"How long does that fellow mean to stay, Dot?" he cried.

"What fellow?" asked Dot.

"That Sarmiento."

"Till Tuesday next, I think. I fancy he and papa are going up together. Don't you like him, Regy? We all do."

"I should like to shoot him!" ferociously avowed Reginald.

"Oh, how can you? Why, he is very nice-looking. His hair is as bright as gold."

"Hang his hair!" growled the young man, as he shook off Dot's gentle hand and strode away from her.

Poor Dot, not understanding matters in the smallest degree, sat down on the sands and cried a little. What was it that she did, that she had been doing for days past, to offend Reginald and make him so cross and capricious?

Evening came. Reginald was as much out of sorts as a fairly well-behaved gentleman can could be. What with one impediment or another, two whole days had passed since he spoke to Miss Maverick—save in the ordinary commonplaces of the family circle—and he was feeling decidedly savage. To add to his annoyance, Miss Maverick seemed in nowise to sympathise with his discomfort, or even to notice his state of mind.

He sat moodily in a corner, watching her with jealous admiration, for she was looking her very best. The soft, white dress that she wore was in perfection, with the scarlet fuchsia drooping at her throat and in her black braids, and her pale face was made even more brilliant and striking by contrast with the fair red and white dames around her—and Reginald was driven almost to desperation by a well meant word from his aunt.

"Miss Maverick looks wonderfully well to-night," said that smiling matron. "I shouldn't be surprised of Mr. Sarmiento were growing really interested in her. What a fortunate thing it would be!—and he is a good man."

"I wish you'd not talk nonsense, aunt!" came the peevish retort.

"Well, it may be nonsense; I dare say it won't turn out anything else," laughed Mrs. Lanster; "but the best of us are match-makers, you know. Have you a headache to-night, Regy?—you seem out of sorts."

"Yes," he nodded, "an awful headache." Headache and heartache also, he might have added had he dared. Mrs. Lanster moved away, leaving him in a fever of impatience.

There, at the opposite end of the room, stood Katherine, in her stately beauty, and Mr. Sarmiento at her side talking with her.

"How is it that you shun me?" abruptly demanded the young fellow, accosting her when he got an opportunity.

"But I do not shun you," she answered, smiling.

"You do. You are ever with—with somebody or other," retorted Reginald. "Why, it's days and days since we had one of our pleasant walks by the sea."

"Is it?"

"Don't you mean ever to go for a walk with me again?"

"Indeed, yes—if you wish me to. I will go for a walk to-morrow morning if you like, the first thing after breakfast."

His brow cleared a little; his tones grew smoother.

"That is a bargain, mind you, Miss Maverick; a promise."

"To be sure, it is. I will keep it, wealth or permitting, Dot"—touching that young lady's arm, who was approaching with a message from her mother—"will you go with us."

This was not exactly what Mr. Reginald wanted; but he could not decently object to Dot's company. Katherine was called upon to sing, and no more was said.

In the morning they took the walk, the three of them, the weather being all sunshine and sweetness. Rather a long walk they made of it, strolling hither and thither, and did not get home until close upon one o'clock. There news awaited them; Mr. Sarmiento was gone.

"Gone!" exclaimed Dot. "Why, what's he gone for? He said nothing about going at breakfast."

"No," said Mrs. Lanster, "I do not think he decided until later. He had some business letters this morning, and was uncertain when he to go or write. He made his mind up all at once; and he left his best adieus to you all."

"Much obliged to him," returned Regy, in a semi-sarcastic, semi-jesting tone. "I'm gone for good, too." "Oh, yes," said Mrs. Lanster. "Quite for good."

At which assurance Mr. Reginald went into the seventh heaven.

"Miss Maverick," began Dot, that same day when the two girls were alone together, "do you know that mamma is disappointed?"

"What at?" innocently asked Katherine.

"At Mr. Sarmiento's going off in this abrupt way, without saying anything to you."

Katherine, who was leaning half out of the open window, thoughtfully twirling a carnation about in her fingers they were in her bedroom—turned to look at Dot.

"But why? he could not help it. What should he have to say to me, more than to you and Reginald?"

Dot laughed. "Don't be angry, Katherine, but mamma has been privately nourishing a little romance. Mr. Sarmiento was so greatly taken with you; he seemed to like so much to be with you and to talk to you, that she thought he might have some intention of—of proposing to you."

Katherine Maverick stared like one puzzled. "Oh, Dot!"

"Have I offended you?" breathed Dot, for the tone was half an angry one. "I did not mean to."

"No, my dear, you have not offended me; I was only surprised," spoke Katherine Maverick. "Believe me, Dora—and I hope you will repeat this to your mother—that neither by word nor by look did Mr. Sarmiento ever hint at such a thing. Such an idea would not have crossed his brain for a moment, and I am sure it never crossed mine. The whole world might have heard every word he said to me. He used to converse on general topics—and about my dead father—and sometimes he would speak of his little girl—Emma."

"Well, it was a notion mamma took up. But, Katherine—could you not see that he liked you?"

"The word 'like' has various bearings, Dot, my dear. Mr. Sarmiento liked me as an acquaintance; I feel sure of that; and I saw that he did rather seek to converse with me. Once or twice a very ambitious idea did creep in, in regard to the why and therefore; but not the outrageously ambitious idea that you hint at, child."

"And what is your ambitious idea, Katherine?"

Katherine blushed. "I know I must be very foolish, Dot, but I fancied it just possible that he might be thinking I should make a suitable governess to his child. And what a change it would have been for me from that school! That is the only notion that ever entered my mind upon the subject, Dora, upon my honor."

"Yes, that would have been nice for you," sighed Dot. "It is all at an end now."

"Quite at an end, and I was silly. No harm is done, my dear."

Katherine Maverick spoke the truth. Mr. Sarmiento seemed as far above her, in regard to any closer connection, as the sky, and she had never gla ced at anything so preposterous. A grave, sensible, good man, rich and grand and great, and good-looking withal, and she a poor music mistress!

She hated the prospect of returning to the school and to its drudgery, from which there was never any intermission from Monday morning till Saturday night, no elevating companionship, no interchange of higher thoughts. If she could but escape it! Her heart felt faint at times at the very hopelessness of the wish.

A few evenings after the departure of Mr. Sarmiento, when the stars were beginning to peep out in the heavens through the deepening twilight, Reginald betook himself to the terrace with his cigar, and sat down there out of humor. The house was very silent. Dora was spending the day with a young friend, and Mrs. Lanster retired to her room when dinner was over, complaining of indisposition. Miss Maverick disappeared also—and that was the sore point with Reginald.

"She might have been civil enough to stay with a fellow," he grumbled, tilting himself back in the light chair. "Did she fear I should eat her? There's the moon now!"

What harm the unoffending moon could do him, rising above the trees in its beauty, he best knew. But his meditations were soon also, Reginald!" called out Mr. Sarmiento, as he ran past him at the door to catch up with the ladies; not, however, waiting for any answer.

"Hang him!" muttered Reginald, considering himself unreasonably ill-used. It was not altogether about Katherine, his grievance; it was on the score of neglect as well. Formerly he was all-in-all in the household; now nothing was cared for but this old Sarmiento.

In a frightful temper he went off to the beach. Dora followed, slipping her hand cousinly fashion, within his arm; all unconscious, poor child, that he no longer saw in her "the sweetest little girl in the world," but an emissary of unkind fortune, whom he could not help showing temper to.

It was hard upon her, altogether hard. Regy put it more strongly and called it, in self-reproach, "very mean." But there appeared to be no help for it, and would not be until that wretch was gone.

"How long does that fellow mean to stay, Dot?" he cried.

"What fellow?" asked Dot.

"That Sarmiento."

"Till Tuesday next, I think. I fancy he and papa are going up together. Don't you like him, Regy? We all do."

"I should like to shoot him!" ferociously avowed Reginald.

"Oh, how can you? Why, he is very nice-looking. His hair is as bright as gold."

"Hang his hair!" growled the young man, as he shook off Dot's gentle hand and strode away from her.

Poor Dot, not understanding matters in the smallest degree, sat down on the sands and cried a little. What was it that she did, that she had been doing for days past, to offend Reginald and make him so cross and capricious?

Evening came. Reginald was as much out of sorts as a fairly well-behaved gentleman can could be. What with one impediment or another, two whole days had passed since he spoke to Miss Maverick—save in the ordinary commonplaces of the family circle—and he was feeling decidedly savage. To add to his annoyance, Miss Maverick seemed in nowise to sympathise with his discomfort, or even to notice his state of mind.

He sat moodily in a corner, watching her with jealous admiration, for she was looking her very best. The soft, white dress that she wore was in perfection, with the scarlet fuchsia drooping at her throat and in her black braids, and her pale face was made even more brilliant and striking by contrast with the fair red and white dames around her—and Reginald was driven almost to desperation by a well meant word from his aunt.

"Miss Maverick looks wonderfully well to-night," said that smiling matron. "I shouldn't be surprised of Mr. Sarmiento were growing really interested in her. What a fortunate thing it would be!—and he is a good man."

"I wish you'd not talk nonsense, aunt!" came the peevish retort.

"Well, it may be nonsense; I dare say it won't turn out anything else," laughed Mrs. Lanster; "but the best of us are match-makers, you know. Have you a headache to-night, Regy?—you seem out of sorts."

"Yes," he nodded, "an awful headache." Headache and heartache also, he might have added had he dared. Mrs. Lanster moved away, leaving him in a fever of impatience.

There, at the opposite end of the room, stood Katherine, in her stately beauty, and Mr. Sarmiento at her side talking with her.

"How is it that you shun me?" abruptly demanded the young fellow, accosting her when he got an opportunity.

"But I do not shun you," she answered, smiling.

"You do. You are ever with—with somebody or other," retorted Reginald. "Why, it's days and days since we had one of our pleasant walks by the sea."

"Is it?"

"Don't you mean ever to go for a walk with me again?"

"Indeed, yes—if you wish me to. I will go for a walk to-morrow morning if you like, the first thing after breakfast."

His brow cleared a little; his tones grew smoother.

"That is a bargain, mind you, Miss Maverick; a promise."

"To be sure, it is. I will keep it, wealth or permitting. Dot"—touching that young lady's arm, who was approaching with a message from her mother—"will you go with us."

This was not exactly what Mr. Reginald wanted; but he could not decently object to Dot's company. Katherine was called upon to sing, and no more was said.

In the morning they took the walk, the three of them, the weather being all sunshine and sweetness. Rather a long walk they made of it, strolling hither and thither, and did not get home until close upon one o'clock. There news awaited them; Mr. Sarmiento was gone.

"Gone!" exclaimed Dot. "Why, what's he gone for? He said nothing about going at breakfast."

"No," said Mrs. Lanster. "I do not think he decided until later. He had some business letters this morning, and was uncertain when he to go or write. He made his mind up all at once; and he left his best adieus to you all."

"Much obliged to him," returned Regy, in a semi-sarcastic, semi-jesting tone. "I'm gone for good, too." "Oh, yes," said Mrs. Lanster. "Quite for good."

At which assurance Mr. Reginald went into the seventh heaven.

"Miss Maverick," began Dot, that same day when the two girls were alone together, "do you know that mamma is disappointed?"

"What at?" innocently asked Katherine.

"At Mr. Sarmiento's going off in this abrupt way, without saying anything to you."

Katherine, who was leaning half out of the open window, thoughtfully twirling a carnation about in her fingers they were in her bedroom—turned to look at Dot.

"But why? he could not help it. What should he have to say to me, more than to you and Reginald?"

Dot laughed. "Don't be angry, Katherine, but mamma has been privately nourishing a little romance. Mr. Sarmiento was so greatly taken with you; he seemed to like so much to be with you and to talk to you, that she thought he might have some intention of—of proposing to you."

Katherine Maverick stared like one puzzled. "Oh, Dot!"

"Have I offended you?" breathed Dot, for the tone was half an angry one. "I did not mean to."

"No, my dear, you have not offended me; I was only surprised," spoke Katherine Maverick. "Believe me, Dora—and I hope you will repeat this to your mother—that neither by word nor by look did Mr. Sarmiento ever hint at such a thing. Such an idea would not have crossed his brain for a moment, and I am sure it never crossed mine. The whole world might have heard every word he said to me. He used to converse on general topics—and about my dead father—and sometimes he would speak of his little girl—Emma."

"Well, it was a notion mamma took up. But, Katherine—could you not see that he liked you?"

"The word 'like' has various bearings, Dot, my dear. Mr. Sarmiento liked me as an acquaintance; I feel sure of that; and I saw that he did rather seek to converse with me. Once or twice a very ambitious idea did creep in, in regard to the why and therefore; but not the outrageously ambitious idea that you hint at, child."

"And what is your ambitious idea, Katherine?"

Katherine blushed. "I know I must be very foolish, Dot, but I fancied it just possible that he might be thinking I should make a suitable governess to his child. And what a change it would have been for me from that school! That is the only notion that ever entered my mind upon the subject, Dora, upon my honor."

"Yes, that would have been nice for you," sighed Dot. "It is all at an end now."

"Quite at an end, and I was silly. No harm is done, my dear."

Katherine Maverick spoke the truth. Mr. Sarmiento seemed as far above her, in regard to any closer connection, as the sky, and she had never gla ced at anything so preposterous. A grave, sensible, good man, rich and grand and great, and good-looking withal, and she a poor music mistress!

She hated the prospect of returning to the school and to its drudgery, from which there was never any intermission from Monday morning till Saturday night, no elevating companionship, no interchange of higher thoughts. If she could but escape it! Her heart felt faint at times at the very hopelessness of the wish.

A few evenings after the departure of Mr. Sarmiento, when the stars were beginning to peep out in the heavens through the deepening twilight, Reginald betook himself to the terrace with his cigar, and sat down there out of humor. The house was very silent. Dora was spending the day with a young friend, and Mrs. Lanster retired to her room when dinner was over, complaining of indisposition. Miss Maverick disappeared also—and that was the sore point with Reginald.

"She might have been civil enough to stay with a fellow," he grumbled, tilting himself back in the light chair. "Did she fear I should eat her? There's the moon now!"

What harm the unoffending moon could do him, rising above the trees in its beauty, he best knew. But his meditations were soon also, Reginald!" called out Mr. Sarmiento, as he ran past him at the door to catch up with the ladies; not, however, waiting for any answer.

"Hang him!" muttered Reginald, considering himself unreasonably ill-used. It was not altogether about Katherine, his grievance; it was on the score of neglect as well. Formerly he was all-in-all in the household; now nothing was cared for but this old Sarmiento.

In a frightful temper he went off to the beach. Dora followed, slipping her hand cousinly fashion, within his arm; all unconscious, poor child, that he no longer saw in her "the sweetest little girl in the world," but an emissary of unkind fortune, whom he could not help showing temper to.

It was hard upon her, altogether hard. Regy put it more strongly and called it, in self-reproach, "very mean." But there appeared to be no help for it, and would not be until that wretch was gone.

"How long does that fellow mean to stay, Dot?" he cried.

"What fellow?" asked Dot.

"That Sarmiento."

"Till Tuesday next, I think. I fancy he and papa are going up together. Don't you like him, Regy? We all do."

"I should like to shoot him!" ferociously avowed Reginald.

"Oh, how can you? Why, he is very nice-looking. His hair is as bright as gold."

"Hang his hair!" growled the young man, as he shook off Dot's gentle hand and strode away from her.

Poor Dot, not understanding matters in the smallest degree, sat down on the sands and cried a little. What was it that she did, that she had been doing for days past, to offend Reginald and make him so cross and capricious?

Evening came. Reginald was as much out of sorts as a fairly well-behaved gentleman can could be. What with one impediment or another, two whole days had passed since he spoke to Miss Maverick—save in the ordinary commonplaces of the family circle—and he was feeling decidedly savage. To add to his annoyance, Miss Maverick seemed in nowise to sympathise with his discomfort, or even to notice his state of mind.

He sat moodily in a corner, watching her with jealous admiration, for she was looking her very best. The soft, white dress that she wore was in perfection, with the scarlet fuchsia drooping at her throat and in her black braids, and her pale face was made even more brilliant and striking by contrast with the fair red and white dames around her—and Reginald was driven almost to desperation by a well meant word from his aunt.

"Miss Maverick looks wonderfully well to-night," said that smiling matron. "I shouldn't be surprised of Mr. Sarmiento were growing really interested in her. What a fortunate thing it would be!—and he is a good man."

"I wish you'd not talk nonsense, aunt!" came the peevish retort.

"Well, it may be nonsense; I dare say it won't turn out anything else," laughed Mrs. Lanster; "but the best of us are match-makers, you know. Have you a headache to-night, Regy?—you seem out of sorts."

"Yes," he nodded, "an awful headache." Headache and heartache also, he might have added had he dared. Mrs. Lanster moved away, leaving him in a fever of impatience.

There, at the opposite end of the room, stood Katherine, in her stately beauty, and Mr. Sarmiento at her side talking with her.

"How is it that you shun me?" abruptly demanded the young fellow, accosting her when he got an opportunity.

"But I do not shun you," she answered, smiling.

"You do. You are ever with—with somebody or other," retorted Reginald. "Why, it's days and days since we had one of our pleasant walks by the sea."

"Is it?"

"Don't you mean ever to go for a walk with me again?"

"Indeed, yes—if you wish me to. I will go for a walk to-morrow morning if you like, the first thing after breakfast."

His brow cleared a little; his tones grew smoother.

"That is a bargain, mind you, Miss Maverick; a promise."

"To be sure, it is. I will keep it, wealth or permitting. Dot"—touching that young lady's arm, who was approaching with a message from her mother—"will you go with us."

This was not exactly what Mr. Reginald wanted; but he could not decently object to Dot's company. Katherine was called upon to sing, and no more was said.

In the morning they took the walk, the three of them, the weather being all sunshine and sweetness. Rather a long walk they made of it, strolling hither and thither, and did not get home until close upon one o'clock. There news awaited them; Mr. Sarmiento was gone.

"Gone!" exclaimed Dot. "Why, what's he gone for? He said nothing about going at breakfast."

"No," said Mrs. Lanster. "I do not think he decided until later. He had some business letters this morning, and was uncertain when he to go or write. He made his mind up all at once; and he left his best adieus to you all."

"Much obliged to him," returned Regy, in a semi-sarcastic, semi-jesting tone. "I'm gone for good, too." "Oh, yes," said Mrs. Lanster. "Quite for good."

At which assurance Mr. Reginald went into the seventh heaven.

"Miss Maverick," began Dot, that same day when the two girls were alone together, "do you know that mamma is disappointed?"

"What at?" innocently asked Katherine.

"At Mr. Sarmiento's going off in this abrupt way, without saying anything to you."

Katherine, who was leaning half out of the open window, thoughtfully twirling a carnation about in her fingers they were in her bedroom—turned to look at Dot.

"But why? he could not help it. What should he have to say to me, more than to you and Reginald?"

Dot laughed. "Don't be angry, Katherine, but mamma has been privately nourishing a little romance. Mr. Sarmiento was so greatly taken with you; he seemed to like so much to be with you and to talk to you, that she thought he might have some intention of—of proposing to you."

Katherine Maverick stared like one puzzled. "Oh, Dot!"

"Have I offended you?" breathed Dot, for the tone was half an angry one. "I did not mean to."

"No, my dear, you have not offended me; I was only surprised," spoke Katherine Maverick. "Believe me, Dora—and I hope you will repeat this to your mother—that neither by word nor by look did Mr. Sarmiento ever hint at such a thing. Such an idea would not have crossed his brain for a moment, and I am sure it never crossed mine. The whole world might have heard every word he said to me. He used to converse on general topics—and about my dead father—and sometimes he would speak of his little girl—Emma."

"Well, it was a notion mamma took up. But, Katherine—could you not see that he liked you?"

"The word 'like' has various bearings, Dot, my dear. Mr. Sarmiento liked me as an acquaintance; I feel sure of that; and I saw that he did rather seek to converse with me. Once or twice a very ambitious idea did creep in, in regard to the why and therefore; but not the outrageously ambitious idea that you hint at, child."

"And what is your ambitious idea, Katherine?"

Katherine blushed. "I know I must be very foolish, Dot, but I fancied it just possible that he might be thinking I should make a suitable governess to his child. And what a change it would have been for me from that school! That is the only notion that ever entered my mind upon the subject, Dora, upon my honor."

"Yes, that would have been nice for you," sighed Dot. "It is all at an end now."

"Quite at an end, and I was silly. No harm is done, my dear."

Katherine Maverick spoke the truth. Mr. Sarmiento seemed as far above her, in regard to any closer connection, as the sky, and she had never gla ced at anything so preposterous. A grave, sensible, good man, rich and grand and great, and good-looking withal, and she a poor music mistress!

She hated the prospect of returning to the school and to its drudgery, from which there was never any intermission from Monday morning till Saturday night, no elevating companionship, no interchange of higher thoughts. If she could but escape it! Her heart felt faint at times at the very hopelessness of the wish.

A few evenings after the departure of Mr. Sarmiento, when the stars were beginning to peep out in the heavens through the deepening twilight, Reginald betook himself to the terrace with his cigar, and sat down there out of humor. The house was very silent. Dora was spending the day with a young friend, and Mrs. Lanster retired to her room when dinner was over, complaining of indisposition. Miss Maverick disappeared also—and that was the sore point with Reginald.

"She might have been civil enough to stay with a fellow," he grumbled, tilting himself back in the light chair. "Did she fear I should eat her? There's the moon now!"

What harm the unoffending moon could do him, rising above the trees in its beauty, he best knew. But his meditations were soon also, Reginald!" called out Mr. Sarmiento, as he ran past him at the door to catch up with the ladies; not, however, waiting for any answer.

"Hang him!" muttered Reginald, considering himself unreasonably ill-used. It was not altogether about Katherine, his grievance; it was on the score of neglect as well. Formerly he was all-in-all in the household; now nothing was cared for but this old Sarmiento.

In a frightful temper he went off to the beach. Dora followed, slipping her hand cousinly fashion, within his arm; all unconscious, poor child, that he no longer saw in her "the sweetest little girl in the world," but an emissary of unkind fortune, whom he could not help showing temper to.

It was hard upon her, altogether hard. Regy put it more strongly and called it, in self-reproach, "very mean." But there appeared to be no help for it, and would not be until that wretch was gone.

"How long does that fellow mean to stay, Dot?" he cried.

"What fellow?" asked Dot.

"That Sarmiento."

"Till Tuesday next, I think. I fancy he and papa are going up together. Don't you like him, Regy? We all do."

"I should like to shoot him!" ferociously avowed Reginald.

"Oh, how can you? Why, he is very nice-looking. His hair is as bright as gold."

"Hang his hair!" growled the young man, as he shook off Dot's gentle hand and strode away from her.

Poor Dot, not understanding matters in the smallest degree, sat down on the sands and cried a little. What was it that she did, that she had been doing for days past, to offend Reginald and make him so cross and capricious?

Evening came. Reginald was as much out of sorts as a fairly well-behaved gentleman can could be. What with one